

**COMMENT OF  
THE DAY**

**A New Policy?**

QUIETLY and discreetly Government this week announced relaxation of controls over the importation of coal. Certainly it is not a subject of burning public controversy — like other commodities such as rice, for example — and the new policy as applied to coal does not deserve bold headlines. There are considerations, however.

Originally, there were suggestions that coal — like rice — was to be turned over by Government to a small group of substantial, well-known importers whose reputation in that particular trade had been firmly established in past years. Now it appears from Government's announcement that coal importation is to be thrown open to any merchant. And there is no longer need to maintain reserve stocks.

BY this action Government appears to establish a new precedent — and therein lies the interest. Allowing for the difference both in the actual commodities and their relative importance to the community, it is pertinent to ask whether this same policy is now to be applied to rice. Or, to put it another way, has Government re-examined import policies for reserved commodities generally and found the old system unsuitable, inadequate and prejudicial to the community's economic welfare?

Rice, it may be recalled, was confined to a selected group of 29 importers. The whole point of the criticism that followed the announcement of that plan last year was that it was wrong in principle to hand over the rice trade to a small privileged group of merchants because, theoretically, the system was open to abuse. At any rate, it was a system that was bound to keep ruling prices above those in any other part of Southeast Asia.

Government's attitude over rice suggested that it justified the system of restricted licensing on the grounds that only a few specialists knew the intricacies and complexities of the trade and that it was therefore better to be confined to the few. Surely that argument can also be applied to coal. It cuts both ways. Similarly, if coal can be imported freely by any merchant who wants to engage in that trade, then why cannot rice? A statement from Government on future policy will be awaited with interest.

**IT'S GOING TO BE  
DEEDS, NOT WORDS**

**Chou En-lai And Relaxing  
Of Far East Tension**

**KRISHNA MENON'S COMMENT**

From LES ARMOUR

London, June 3.

India's roving ambassador Krishna Menon told me tonight he was certain both sides in the Formosa dispute were genuinely seeking peace — and that he could see no problems which could not be settled by negotiation.

He declined to say whether or not he was taking any specific proposals to Washington with him, but he said "No doubt I'll be seeing people about the situation."

He said he didn't think there was anything to be gained by making his discussions with Chou En-lai public at this time — "but that isn't to say we are treading on eggs. We are not."

Seated behind a massive mahogany desk in a dark and slightly dingy top floor room in the offices of the India League in the Strand, Mr Menon said: "The Chinese Premier has said he is very hopeful. He said that I didn't. But he wouldn't say that unless he thought there would be a relaxing of tension — he certainly wouldn't have said it if he thought that tension was going to increase."

Moreover, he said, there were signs there would be deeds and not mere words to back up the conviction. "As I said before, the release of American airmen is a sign. There are likely to be more signs."

He emphasised, however, that his visit to the United States was not officially connected with the Far Eastern situation — "I am going to a meeting of the United Nations Trusteeship Council in New York, and then I am going to San Francisco."

The visit could not be officially connected with the Formosa question because "India isn't a party to the dispute in any sense."

But he said he thought, nevertheless, that India could be of use in the problem "because nobody questions our motives, although they may not agree with what we say."

Despite his optimism, however, Mr Menon insisted, "We must approach the problem with an appropriate sense of the gravity of the situation. The problem is really one of peaceful approach." — London Express Service.

**Dalton Quits The  
Shadow Cabinet**

London, June 3.

A former Socialist Minister, Hugh Dalton, quit the Labour Party leadership today and called on his aging colleagues to do likewise, so younger men could have a chance to rebuild the election-wrecked political machine.

The 67-year-old former Chancellor of the Exchequer said he was resigning from the Party's "Shadow Cabinet", "and I hope that a number of my fellow veterans will do likewise."

But he refused to join the "sack Alties" cry.

Mr Dalton, a Member of Parliament since 1924, announced his decision in a letter to the Socialist leader, Clement Attlee. Mr Attlee is 72. But Mr Dalton made clear his call for young blood specifically excluded the Party chief.

**MAKE IT YOUNGER**

"It is essential in my view that from the start of the new Parliament, there should be a much younger Shadow Cabinet," wrote Mr Dalton.

The average age of the Labour Shadow Cabinet is about 60; that of Sir Anthony Eden's Tory Cabinet is 55.

Mr Dalton told Mr Attlee he firmly hoped Mr Attlee would continue to lead the Party.

"I myself have decided not to be a candidate for our Shadow Cabinet in the new Parliament and I hope that a number of my fellow veterans will decide likewise," he said.

"But your own position is a very special one. It is, my strong hope that in the interests of Party unity you will continue as leader when the new Parliament meets. This hope is shared. I know, by many of our colleagues. No one else among us, of whatever age, can do this difficult job so well as you can."

—United Press.

**Child Falls 15 Ft.  
Is Unhurt**

Washington, June 3. Three-year-old Billy Oliver fell out of bed here, went through an open window and dropped 15 feet to the ground — and escaped unhurt.

He had been clutching his pillow and landed on it — China Mail Special.

**China Mail  
Feature  
Highlights**

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 6: "Beginning today, 'The Royal Success Story' by Richard Dimbleby."

P. 7: "Ticket to Trouble," part 3 by Leonard Mosley; "The Quick at Sea," another in the Did It Happen? series by T.E.B. Clarke."

P. 8: "The Price of Speed," by Chapman Pincher; "Teenage Friends: True or False," by Arthur Hunter."

P. 9: "Week-end Woman," new beachwear fashion from London."

P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports reviews.

**Man's Sight  
Dramatically  
Restored**

Norwich, June 3.

Mr Peter Barr, totally blind since 1952, had an argument with his wife last week, struck his fist on his palm... and there stood the wife he had never seen gradually materialising before his eyes.

"In about 15 minutes, I could see," 34-year-old Mr Barr said when the story was told here. "The first thing I did was kiss my wife, then I broke up my white stick and threw it in the fire."

After that, there was a celebration in champagne with friends.

Mr Barr's sight was affected during his service with the Royal Air Force in North Africa during World War II. Gradually his sight became less and less, until in 1952, complete darkness closed in.

It was in that darkness that he first met his wife and later married her. — China Mail Special.

**Calling Up  
Reservists**

Paris, June 3.

The French government tonight decided to recall to the colours about 9,000 former national servicemen living in Algeria to join in the fight against terrorism there.

A government spokesman told reporters after a Cabinet meeting that the government had decided to authorise the Governor-General, M. Jacques Soustelle of Algeria, to recall a batch of former conscripts.

These would amount to between 8,000 and 10,000 men, including both Frenchmen living in Algeria and native-born Arabs. — Reuters.

**Motor Cyclists  
Trapped**

Cuneo, Italy, June 3.

A peasant, Giovanni Asmar, 32, alleged to have laid a trap for motor cyclists who roared past his farm "raising clouds of dust," has been committed for trial here.

Police claimed he tied a length of wire across the road 30 inches from the ground in which six motor cyclists crashed and had to be taken to hospital. — China Mail Special.

**BRITAIN'S INDUSTRIAL CRISIS**

**Eden Being Forced To  
Walk A Tight-Rope**

London, June 3.

Prime Minister Sir Anthony Eden was walking on a tight-rope between Labour leaders and right-wing members of his own Conservative Party today as Britain's nationwide railway strike went into its sixth straight day.

On the Labour front, Sir Anthony must avoid antagonising the 450,000-member National Union of Railwaymen (NUR) into joining the walkout. The NUR has so far opposed the strike, which was set off last Sunday when the 67,000-man Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen (ASLEF) walked out in support of a claim that their wage level had not kept pace with NUR wage boosts.

A misstep by the Premier could also throw the weight of the London bus drivers and conductors union into the strike.

**Displaced Korean POWs**

**Strong Accusations  
Against India**

Seoul, June 3.

The South Korean government today demanded that the Indian government immediately permit South Korean officials to interview non-repatriated Korean prisoners of war in India to "ascertain their real wishes in the matter of residence and determine the nature of Indian pressures and pro-Communist tactics" in handling them.

The official government spokesman, Dr Karl Hoog Kee, said in a statement: "The Indian government has absolutely no right to deny the Republic of Korea access to those (Korean prisoners) who in effect are citizens of this country and who now are claiming asylum in the land of their birth."

"Nor has it any right to deny the United Nations its proper and legal jurisdiction in the matter," Dr Karl added.

Seventy-six Korean prisoners of war who refused to go either to North or South Korea went to India in January last year with Indian troops which had taken custody of prisoners in the Korean demilitarised zone.

A few of them were reported to want to go to North Korea and 49 others were later reported to have chosen Latin American countries or South Korea as a place of permanent residence.

But, Dr Karl said in the statement today, "In desperation, some of the ex-prisoners decided to stay in India. Five, or perhaps six, were sent back to Communism in one of the most barbarous and inhuman acts in human history. They were sent to certain torture and death — and obviously decided to go only under heavy pressure and Indian brand of brain-washing."

**BEATEN UP**

Dr Karl continued: "The 43 who want to come to free Korea have told the United Nations that the Indians have been 'importuning them to return to Communism.' When they refused, they were beaten and their leader was imprisoned. They were forbidden to talk to correspondents, prevented from protesting to Premier Nehru and otherwise treated as common criminals."

"Such actions by the Indian government are cruel, uncivilised, totally illegal and designed to give aid and comfort to the enemy of the free world," Dr Karl said.

The Korean Foreign Minister, Mr Pyun Yung-tai, had announced that the South Korean government officially requested

Sir Anthony is being pressured from the other side by right wing members and businessmen, who feel they have a score to settle with the union.

The Government has set up a special inter-ministerial committee to meet economic difficulties stemming from the strike.

The Prime Minister is scheduled to make his second broadcast speech within a week on Sunday to explain his Government's plans to cope with the emergency.

If the management of Britain's nationalised railways boosts the ASLEF's wages, the NUR will immediately seek a corresponding wage rise.

**TWO POSSIBILITIES**  
It was believed that the management might agree to negotiate on the highly expensive double wage increase if it were allowed to raise Britain's railway fares, which are among the lowest in Europe.

The management might also settle for a state subsidy to compensate the pay rise.

Meanwhile, hundreds of reserve policemen and firemen were being recruited in London to control traffic and ensure order during the walkout.

Hundreds of cots and mattresses were delivered to the House of Commons today to accommodate Members of Parliament who might not be able to return home after late debates because of the rail tie-up.

Parliament is scheduled to reopen next Tuesday.

On the water front, 221 more dockers walked out today to bring the total of men out of work to 20,028 in the strike which hit the ports of London, Manchester, Hull and Rochester 12 days ago. A total of 168 ships are tied up by the strike. — France-Press.

**Kidnap Attempt**

Tunis, June 3.

Police tonight arrested four members of the Neo-Destour (Nationalists) who attempted to kidnap Mekki Ben Azzou, chairman of the Tunisian Nationalist Party, a small pro-French group.

The kidnapping attempt was made in a Tunis suburb at almost the same time as the agreement on Tunisian home rule was being signed in Paris. — Reuters.

**HAWK ATTACKS  
ALPINISTS**

Biella, Italy, June 3.

Two Alpinists, Giovanni Ribo-ti, 25, and Mario Guerri, 24, clung helplessly to the side of a mountain here early today while a furious hawk attacked them with its beak and talons.

When the bird finally wheeled away into the sky, the men's clothes were in shreds, and blood streamed from cuts all over them. — China Mail Special.

**NOW 3 FLIGHTS WEEKLY  
HONGKONG - TOKYO**

**FLY  
JAPAN AIR LINES**

FLIGHTS  
LEAVE  
HONG KONG  
MONDAY  
WEDNESDAY  
FRIDAY

BOOK YOUR  
RESERVATION  
NOW

**JAPAN AIR LINES CO. LTD.**  
CAXTON HOUSE, DUDDELL ST., H.K. TEL. 33824  
PENINSULA HOTEL, KOWLOON. TEL. 53032

*For Smoother Riding!*

**MARFAK**  
Lubrication

**CALTEX**

*Central  
Cooling*

No doubt some earnest persons have from time to time devised a formula for the measurement of thirst. They might, for instance, multiply the temperature (in degrees centigrade) by the humidity (in degrees of discomfort) and divide by the energy expended in the game in progress or in strokes per hole, goals per chukka, runs per over. But whatever the variables involved, the answer remains constant. Take a long glass of Rose's Lime Juice with a couple of ice-cubes floating; hold it to the light and gloat over its pale translucent greenness, rock it gently until the ice-cubes tinkle. Then put your self outside it.

**ROSE'S  
Lime Juice**

—MAKES THIRST WORTH WHILE



## KING'S \* PRINCESS

At 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. | At 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

He Faced An Empire of  
Barbed-Wire and Bullets...  
To Keep The Most Dangerous  
Bargain of All!

Technicolor

Universal International presents

KIRK DOUGLAS · JEANNE CRAIN  
CLAIRE TREVOR

MAN WITHOUT A STAR

Starring WILLIAM CAMPBELL · RICHARD BOONE · MARA CORDAY · MYRONA HANSEN

EXTRA MORNING SHOW  
TO-MORROWKING'S at 11.30 a.m. PRINCESS at 11.00 a.m.  
John Wayne in "FLYING LEATHERNECKS" in color by Technicolor. Paramount presents A PROGRAMME OF TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS  
At Reduced Prices

DAILY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

## SHOWING TO-DAY

PATHE OVERSEAS LTD. presents

DOMINIQUE WILMS  
EDDIE CONSTANTINE

LA MÔME VERT DE GRIS

Poison Ivy

WITH ENGLISH SUBTITLES

MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.00 NOON

20th Century-Fox Presents

MIGHTY MOUSE COLOUR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices: \$1.50, \$1.00 &amp; 70 Cts.

## NEW YORK - GREAT WORLD

CAUSEWAY BAY, TEL. 78721 KOWLOON, TEL. 53500

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

A STORY OF HEROIC  
GREATNESS...  
inspired by the depth  
of a woman's love!

HERBERT J. YATES presents

THE ETERNAL SEA

Starring STERLING HAYDEN · ALEXIS SMITH · DEAN JAGGER

With BEN COOPER · VIRGINIA GREY · RICHARD CRANE · Screen Play by ALLEN RAYMAN

Story by WILLIAM WISTER HAUNES · Executive Producer: ROBERT H. ALDER

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

## ROXY &amp; BROADWAY

OPENS TO-DAY  
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

"CAMELLIA"

茶花女

Starring Li Li-Hwa Chang Ying

A Chinese Picture in Mandarin Dialogue

ROXY: 5 Shows To-morrow "CAMELLIA"

Extra Performance At 12.00 Noon

BROADWAY: To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30 P.M.

FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME

Reduced Admission: \$1.20 &amp; 70 Cts.

## Fred Astaire COMING! Daddy Long Legs

Leslie Caron in "Daddy Long Legs" Color by DEUX · CINEMASCOPE

In the wonder of High-Fidelity STEREOPHONIC SOUND

## FILMS—CURRENT AND COMING

By JANE ROBERTS

The recent Scott Brady picture — "The Law vs. Billy the Kid" will probably have reminded western fans that the infamous William Bonney is no longer a hissing character and that although his early part in the cattle wars of the 1870's was not altogether an example to the young, his motives weren't as self-centred as the cowboy novelists have made them.

In a picture made some years ago, Robert Taylor played Billy in the grand manner and with the current fashion for reviving some of the better outdoor films, it's coming back to the Hoover and Liberty screens.

Exploiting his English accent, Ian Hunter has been made into a law-abiding English rancher whose death at the hands of the Hickey gang (Hickey himself being played with his customary oiliness by Gene Lockhart) is the spark that fires Taylor into returning to lawlessness after a period of unusually good behaviour.

To Brian Donlevy falls the task of showing him that the law must be left to the man who wears the right badge.

## Pierre Cheyney

## En Francais

The thrills come thick and fast in "Poison Ivy", with Eddie Constantine playing Peter Cheyney's slap 'em and kiss 'em hero in a fashion that should make his creator rest happily.

That favourite haunt of the sensation writers, Casablanca, is the locale for the opening of the picture, and naturally the action takes off with a bang—in a bar. A young man is involved in a fight with what appears to be a stranger, and during his resulting period of haziness babbles incoherently of gold.

His flights of fancy mean nothing to the police—as any reader of Peter Cheyney's books will anticipate—but to Eddie Constantine, beloved of the gods, bearer of a charmed life and powers of deduction that would shame even a newspaper correspondent, they spell international crime involving almost every known crook in the business.

Before leaving "Poison Ivy", a word on Constantine himself: although he is a household word in France he was born in America and completely failed to make a name for himself there.

In spite of persistent trying, the nearest he got to screen work was in a crowd scene in "Alexander's Ragtime Band". He next tried to hit the headlines as a singer, but there were many other bums going into the battle with bigger guns behind them, and this too was a failure.

It wasn't until he went to France with his wife—a ballet dancer with the de Basil company—that he began to find his feet via parts in quite small films. The final joke is that Hollywood: they're talking of making a film of his life-story!

## Cowboy Under

## A Microscope

"Man Without A Star" is one of the new type westerns in which one man is brought into the open and peered at through a magnifying glass which exaggerates every movement and gesture he makes.

In the old style and routine westerns the plot always runs true to pattern and although there may be a featured player, his capabilities are usually such that the glare of the limelight is tempered towards him and his acting imperfections partly masked behind western props, character actors and plenty of horses.

Kirk Douglas, on the other hand, is obviously of the opinion that he is now an experienced actor to shout, whisper, fight, and make love with nothing to distract the attention of the audience from his performance.

To a certain extent he is justified in this assumption. He is an interesting personality, he does command attention and he can act. The question is whether all the amount of energy he expends on proving it in "Man Without A Star" is worthwhile.

He's just a roving cowboy who is continually moving off away from the wire fences that



A scene from "The Eternal Sea".

The New Films At A Glance  
SHOWING

EMPIRE: "Striporama". Just what the title suggests, with some of the stripping being done by leading burlesque specialist Lili St. Cyr.  
HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "Billy the Kid". A western on a grand scale. Robert Taylor, Brian Donlevy and Ian Hunter.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Man Without A Star". A western in which the hero rides into town, rights its wrongs and rides on. Kirk Douglas, William Campbell and Jeanne Crain.

LEE: "Poison Ivy". A Peter Cheyney thriller in French with English sub-titles. Eddie Constantine and Dominique Wilms.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "The Eternal Sea". A display of moral and physical courage from a US Naval commander. Sterling Hayden, Alexis Smith and Dean Jagger.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Paris Follies". A light-hearted musical based on the revue. Raymond Bussières and Robert Dierly.

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "Camellia". Greta Garbo's celebrated role played by Li Li-Hwa.

## COMING

HOOPER AND LIBERTY: "Athena". A back-to-nature family whose youngsters are named after Greek goddesses try to convert a crooner and a young business man to their moon-struck ways. Edmund Purdom, Jane Powell, Vic Damone and Debbie Reynolds.

KING'S AND PRINCESS: "Four Guns To The Border". A western in which the bad boys have a change of heart. Rory Calhoun, Walter Brennan and Colleen Miller.

LEE: "I'll be seeing you". A girl on temporary leave from prison and a nerve-shocked soldier helps to rehabilitate each other. Ginger Rogers, Joseph Cotten and Shirley Temple.

NEW YORK AND GREAT WORLD: "Union Pacific". A western dramatizing the building of the railway linking the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of North America. Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea.

QUEEN'S AND ALHAMBRA: "Creature With The Atom Brain".

ROXY AND BROADWAY: "Daddy Long Legs". A re-make of the old Janet Gaynor picture with Leslie Caron taking her role and Fred Astaire that of Fredric March.

are gradually transforming the wide open spaces into separate farms. He has no family, no hopes, no ties, loneliness is no problem to him, as in spite of his lack of ambition, he is completely self-sufficient.

Not a very vital character on which to hang a film. However, Kirk Douglas works hard on him and presents him to us on a plate as a sort of western Robin Hood, taking sides against his nature, with Cassidy who wants to fence in his range. Even worse than Cassidy in the eyes of Kirk Douglas, is Jeanne Crain who wants to get rich quickly by grazing more cattle than the land can stand, so that in three years all the grass will have gone and she will leave for the East having made her fortune, ruining men of Cassidy's type in the meantime.

"Nothing much is accomplished there's a big fight between men of the rival ranches and although it is Cassidy who is the victor, one feels that a woman is ruthless as Jeanne Crain (an unusual role for her) will soon rally her forces and fight back. However, at this point Douglas rides on out of the story and the film ends rather inconclusively with the somewhat unpleasant little tough (William Campbell of "Cool 2245" fame) being thrown into the arms of Cassidy's daughter as Frankie Laine sings off screen "The man without a star."

## Film For Tired

## Businessmen

With two strip tease shows on in Hongkong at the same time, the tired businessmen whose meat this is traditional supposed to be will be able to have a high old time.

"Striporama" gives the TBM Lili St. Cyr (who has Walter Winchell's approval, according to the publicity items on this picture), Rosita Royce, whose doves do most of her work for her and Georgia Southern—a dancer from that southern state who looks, like the others, as though she deserves, at the very least, a bad cold!

mirals with such familiarity that one's sense of proportion is sorely tried.

We've been used to films about the sea in which everyone from an able seaman to the first lieutenant has a problem, but we're not used to watching an admiral writhing under the microscope and although one cannot help admiring the strength of purpose of the man who inspired the film, I'm not sure that I like to see a group of responsible men being made to look silly because they have overlooked an old unrecalled regulation allowing a wounded officer to choose whether or not he will be retired.

Of course there is a great deal more to the picture than this—some excellent action shots of aerial warfare from a carrier—interestingly photographed scenes from the "brain" of the carrier while it's aircraft are carrying out an attack many miles away—and some good acting from both Sterling Hayden (who I must confess I didn't think had it in him) and Dean Jagger.

But the force of character of Admiral Hoskins would have come over with more power had his story been treated with less sentimentality.

We all know that every sensitive man with a family likes to be with them, knows and appreciates their loneliness while he is away from them, and when faced with a choice, would rather accept a job using less than his capabilities in order to be able to spend more time with them.

But, as the point of "The Eternal Sea" was to emphasise Admiral Hoskins' battle and victory over the prejudice against using a man who had lost a leg gallantly in action, too much stress was laid on his private life and the influence of his wife—an unbecoming role taken by Alexis Smith.

## Fernandel Faces

## And The Follies

Don't be put off by the more sensational aspects of "Paris Follies". True, there is quite a lot of burlesque and suggestiveness, but the combined comedy efforts of Raymond Bussières and Louis de Funes as a plumber and a chief of police respectively are so hilarious that if the other part offends you, you can afford to ignore it.

The long-suffering producer is attempting to carry out a rehearsal of the "Follies Mericourt" throughout the film. The plumber interrupts, his wife carries on back-chat with the artists on the stage, the principal dancer's replacement turns out to be a tylist, a panther escapes, the chief of police gets accidentally mixed up in the show—all of which diversions are treated with a mixture of amused indulgence by the female director (a mature character slightly involved with the producer) and amused irritation by the producer himself.

Bussières has the face of an amiable horse—a slightly more acrobatic Fernandel with the same infinite variety of facial expression. Make a note of his name, anything in which he appears is bound to produce the unexpected.

The Admiral's  
Dilemma

"The Eternal Sea" fairly bristles with brass. Hardly anyone is less than a captain and the director treats ad-

## NEW BRITISH STAR



Jean Carson, a new young English star who will soon be appearing in J. Arthur Rank's "As Long As They're Happy"

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

2.30, 5.15, 7.20 &amp; 9.30 p.m. | 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 p.m.

## SHOWING TO-DAY



Something New.....Something Different.....

PARIS FOLLIES

Featuring the Famous BLUEBELLY Girls and a Brevé of 100 FRENCH BEAUTIES

Distributed by United French Film Ltd.

## QUEEN'S &amp; ALHAMBRA

## 5 SHOWS TOMORROW

"PARIS FOLLIES"

EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 11.30 A.M.

## HOOVER : LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 50335

## OPENS TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.



ADDED ATTRACTION

## A VISIT TO M-G-M STUDIO

Actual behind-the-scenes view of the booming activities at the studio as well as glimpses of pictures in production.

## SUNDAY MORNING MATINEE: REDUCED ADMISSION

HOOVER at 12.00 noon LIBERTY at 12.30 p.m.

Assortment of Newest 1955

## MGM COLOR CARTOONS

In CinemaScope with Perspecta Stereophonic Sound.

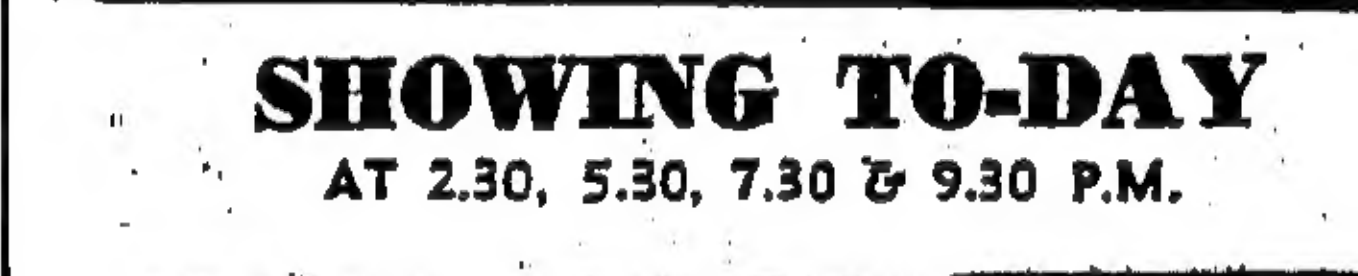
## EMPIRE

## SHOWING TO-DAY

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

## FOR THE FIRST TIME IN COLOR

The three most exotic stars in ONE GREAT SHOW!



LILI ST. CYR · GEORGIA SOTHERN · ROSITA ROYCE

With BETTY PAGE · JACK DUMMOND · M. &amp; Mrs. AMERICA and THE PERKS BEAUTIES

CINEMASCOPE

TO-MORROW

SUNDAY MATINEE AT 12.30 P.M.

TONY CURTIS in

"BEACH HEAD"

(TECHNICOLOR)

Reduced Prices: \$1.00, 70 Cts. &amp; 40 Cts.

## The Garrison Players

MEMBERS ARE REMINDED THAT THE

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

will be held at 8.30 p.m. (prompt)

on TUESDAY, JUNE 7th

in the

SEAMEN'S MISSION

Gloucester Road

NEWCOMERS INTERESTED IN DRAMA

ARE INVITED TO ATTEND.







# HOMESIDE NEWS PICTORIAL



A special feature of the Searchlight Tattoo taking place at the White City in July will be a performance by the Arab Legion Band (the Band of the Army of Transjordan). It comprises 150 musicians, including bagpipers. Six of them are here snapped stepping out at Woolwich Barracks, where they are staying.



LEFT: With a helping hand from his wife, actress Jacqueline Makepeace, British bullfighter Vincent Hitchcock takes baby Vanessa, five months old, for an outing. The 28-year-old matador from Southend—he has killed more than 140 bulls—has retired from the ring, and plans to become an actor. (Express)



COLONEL James Carne, the Glorious Gloucesters' VC (second left) paraded the other day in a guard of honour. It was for 21-year-old Anne Valentine, who married Captain Stanley Davies at the centuries-old parish church of East Budleigh, Devon. Captain Davies is the Army chaplain who was made an MBE for his part in the Gloucesters' stand at the battle of the Imjin River, in Korea. (Express)



THE Rev. Elsie Chamberlain, who is to become the first woman chairman of the Congregational Union. She is probably the first woman to head one of the great religious denominations. She is on the staff of the BBC's religious department. (Express)

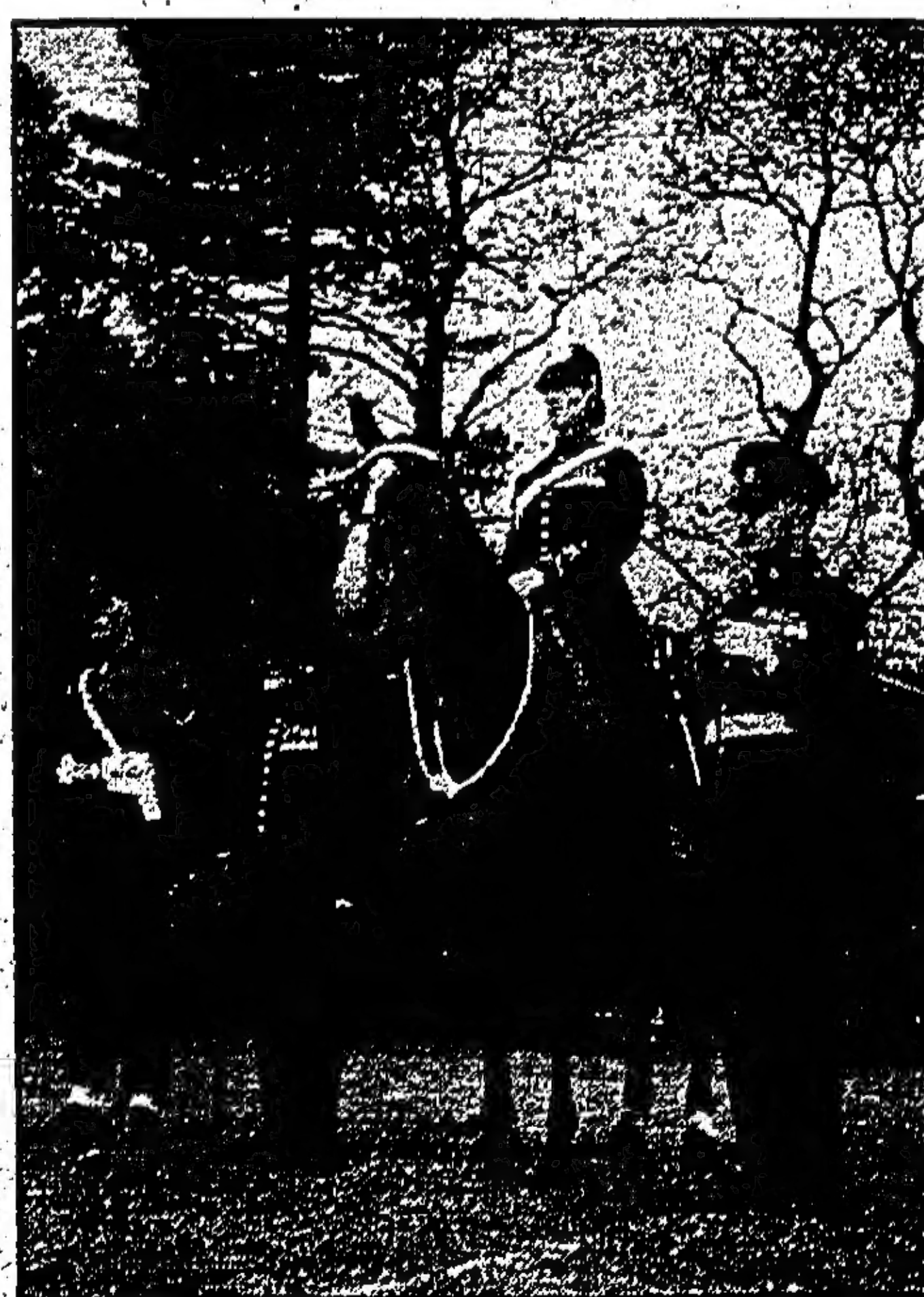


AT the Chelsea Flower Show, Her Majesty the Queen Mother, a keen horticulturist, admires the colourful exhibits. The show was visited by all the Royal Family. (Express)

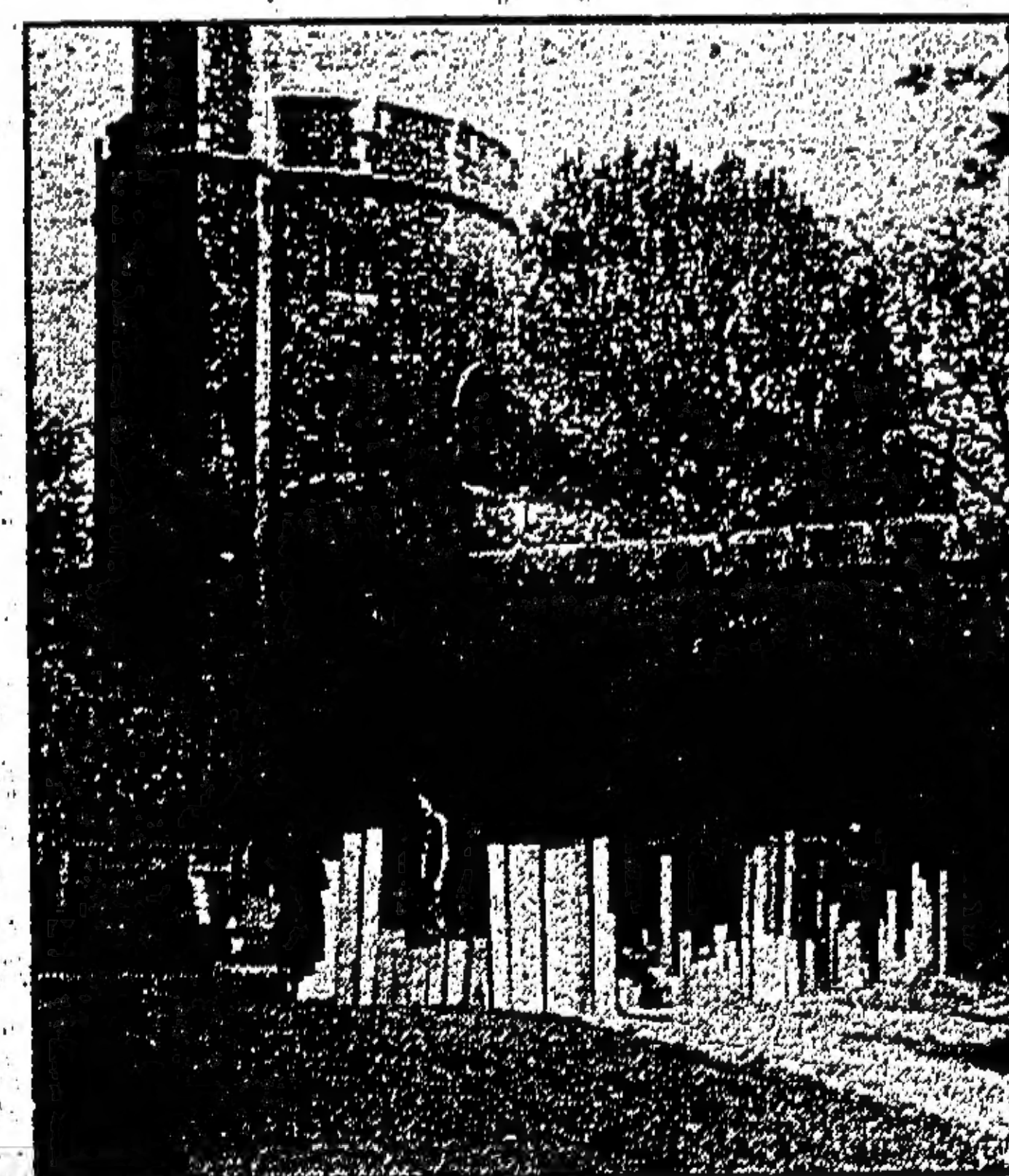


WHAT'S it like to command an American Air Force base? An 11-year-old English boy found out on U.S. Armed Forces Day at Brize Norton. Martin Eagle (above), of Oxford, was injured in collision with an American lorry and underwent several operations. The airmen admired his courage, and decided to make him colonel for a day. (Express)

SERGEANT Ivor Sopp, 28-year-old British soldier who became a Moslem and changed his name to Sharif bin Abdullah, shows his 18-year-old wife, Aminah, the sights of London. And on the tour he discarded his Army uniform and donned a multi-coloured Malay outfit. (Express)



RIGHT: A church service and parade to commemorate the centenary of the formation of the Corps of Military Police was held at Inkerman Barracks, Woking. Picture shows the different uniforms of the Corps seen. Left to right: Ordinary present-day uniform, a Chelsea pensioner in the uniform he wore in his day, mounted uniform of 1900 and modern No. 1 Dress. (Army News)



THEY are digging a hole at the Tower of London. And at the bottom of it they hope to find history older than the Tower itself. The history they hope to find is the remains of a Roman wall. So far, there have been no signs of it, but digging is continuing. (Express)

## NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



**BLACK MAGIC**  
ASSORTED  
CHOCOLATES



PARIS NEWSLETTER  
FROM SAM WHITEThe Gipsies  
Lose Their  
Viscountess

IN 1939 the Viscountess de la Rochefoucauld, then 39, left her husband, heir to the Duc de Doudeauville, France's premier aristocrat, and her daughter for what was to be a week's visit to her family in Madrid. She never returned. Instead she went to live with the gipsies in their cave dwellings outside Granada.

The 58-year-old Viscountess de la Rochefoucauld was never to see her again until a few weeks ago. He wrote to her regularly during the intervening 16 years, as did her daughter Sylvie, now 30.

They continued to plead with her to return to them; for the last few years their letters remained unanswered. She was the daughter of a Marquis de Viana, head of one of Spain's richest and noblest families.

When she married the viscount in Paris in 1924 it was almost a Royal occasion. In Spain, family and Church joined forces to induce her to return, but finally they too confessed failure.

Despite her defiance she was never deprived of money. Her gipsy was luxuriously furnished and even equipped with bath and telephone. She lavished money on her gipsies, and especially on her close gipsy friend, Lola Medina, one of the best-known gipsy dancers in Spain. She made a will leaving all her wealth, including large estates in many parts of Spain, to her and to her gipsy friends.

## FELL ILL

Two years ago she fell desperately ill, and cancer was diagnosed. Once again her family tried to persuade her to move from her gipsy encampment. She refused even to see them. Then four weeks ago she was reported to be dying. Her husband flew to Spain, and finally succeeded in moving her to a clinic in Malaga.

Several of the gipsy friends followed her there. On several occasions they had to be forcibly evicted as they attempted to see her. Before she died she was reconciled to her husband.

Her funeral in Madrid was attended by leading members of the Spanish and French aristocracy. In Spain, where women never attend funerals, dozens of women followed her bier to the cemetery.

Before her death she changed her will, leaving everything to her husband and daughter.

## BOTTLE A DAY

**DIVORCEE** blonde Barbara "Bobo" Rockefeller, a former beauty queen who has recently received a settlement from her ex-husband, banker Winthrop Rockefeller, of five and a half million dollars—five million for herself and her son and 500,000 for her attorney—is in Paris receiving treatment for allergy to alcohol. The treatment is proceeding well.

Mrs Rockefeller can now take a bottle of champagne a day.

## QUOTES

Rubens: My experiences have taught me that marriage does not add anything to a friendship.

MP M. Brunel: France is for foreigners the most beautiful country in the world because they see it through a glass of wine.

Paris newspaper summing up on a speech by former Foreign Minister, M. Georges Bidault: "M. Bidault criticised sharply the Austrian Chancellor, M. Raab, British foreign policy, American diplomacy and of course M. Mendes-France. He concluded that the Free World finds itself in great peril."

Parliamentary question of the week—Independent MP M. Jean Noyer wants to know what measures are going to be taken to protect German officers in uniform when they come to Paris.

## All Aboard

The Giles Family Holiday Guide  
starts at the railway station

"Never mind about 'undignified,' Vera my girl, it's the only way we can be sure of making Aunt Fanny's in time for tea."

DUDLEY POPE TELLS ANOTHER OF  
THE WORLD'S STRANGEST STORIESTHIS NAME WAS  
DYNAMITE

THE name Nobel is dynamite, and the name Nobel is also peace. They are two factors which do not mix—or do they? Perhaps they do in the paradox that was Alfred Bernhard Nobel.

He was the industrialist for whom death paid high dividends. He dreamed of world peace, and invented dynamite, a ballistic and fulminating agent, as an atheist he despised Christian ethics; and he died after founding an explosives empire—leaving a will in his desk which gave a fortune for establishing a peace prize.

If life were wanted to describe this man then there would be sufficient. He was a chemist (and a great one) an industrialist (one of the greatest of them all) and an idealist. Alfred Nobel was born on October 21, 1833, in Stockholm. He was the third son of a brilliant, though eccentric, Swedish engineer. When he was 11 his father, Immanuel, went to Russia and set up a torpedo and mines factory at St. Petersburg. Besides improving and exploring these new weapons Immanuel found time to invent other things. Included among them was a light-weight coffin with a lid which could be opened from the inside to allow the occupant (if he found himself alive) to breathe.

At 17 Alfred was sent to America to study, returning to Russia to work with his father and brothers. Immanuel's three other sons were also brilliant, and he classified Ludwig as being the one with the most genius. Alfred, with most industry, and Robert the most courageous. Emil, the fourth and youngest, had but a short time to live.

Of the three surviving sons, Alfred was later to be the most successful, although both Ludwig and Robert—with Alfred's help—made fortunes in the Russian oilfields.

Before Alfred returned to Russia an Italian professor had discovered a derivative of

glycerine and nitric acid called glyceryl trinitrate and that was the subject Alfred chose for his researches.

It was a dangerous field. Nitrogen compounds of varying stability formed the basis of all explosives, and nitrogen trichloride an oil too unstable for the purpose, cost many lives. Nitroglycerine in its initial raw form, was equally as dangerous.

But by 1859 Alfred and his father thought they had perfected a method of using its explosive powers. For five years "Nobel's Blasting Oil" brought them riches.

Then Immanuel's factory at Heleneborg blew up. His youngest son, Emil, was killed along with the chief chemist. The shock caused him to have a paralytic stroke from which he never recovered.

Because of this tragedy, and because of the explosions which followed, Alfred sought a way of making nitroglycerine safe to handle. For months the stocky, bearded little man laboured over his test-tubes. Finally he did something which was to revolutionise the whole field of explosives. He mixed the liquid nitroglycerine with a clay called kieselguhr. This made it solid. In 1862 Alfred Nobel patented this substance—dynamite.

The Heleneborg factory was rebuilt elsewhere, another was built in Germany and a third was built at Ardeer, in Scotland, and called the British Dynamite Co. They all made vast profits for the young chemist.

Still Alfred continued his experiments and one day in 1875 he cut his finger in the laboratory. He patched it up with collodion and carried on his experiments with nitroglycerine. Suddenly he noticed that the nitroglycerine in the finger dressing was uniting with the nitroglycerine. Nobel, at the age of 42, had discovered blasting gelatin.

Blasting gelatin, a smokeless powder, followed. Its main potential use was obvious—as a propellant for shells and bullets there would be no tell-tale puffs of smoke to give away the firer's position. Italy immediately started to make it under licence, while the



ALFRED NOBEL  
—for him death paid high dividends.

French accused Nobel of spying on their own experiments. The British War Office loyally stuck to its gun-cotton—for a time. Then it too adopted ballastite.

Nobel then invented fulminating caps. More inventions followed and soon he had 129 patents. Before he was 50 years of age Nobel was reaping a fortune from the profits of 15 factories all over the world, and he also had a big interest in the Baku oilfields.

These are the bare facts of Nobel's life as the brilliant chemist and successful industrialist. But what of Nobel away from a laboratory bench and office desk?

He was the loneliest of men. Although a millionaire who could have anything money could buy he did not understand one quite commonplace thing—how to make friends. Nor did he have any time for women. Perhaps he could not analyse and label them. Maybe he found nitroglycerine sufficiently unpredictable.

Above all things he loved to talk of science, literature—and peace. Peace was a strange topic for an inventor of explosives, and hardly compatible with his view that democracy was a useless form of government.

rainfall or when they are put into cages ready for sale. Snail eating has not always been an exclusively French habit. In the Stone Age cavemen used to stuff cabbages with grilled snails when no one had managed to shoot a pterodactyl for lunch.

Moses banned snails from the Hebrew table on religious grounds. But the Greeks and Romans doted on the "helix aspersa"—the Burgundy and little grey snails going at 3s. a dozen in most French restaurants today.

The book gives a hundred recipes, ranging from snail shell broth to a snail omelette. If you want to breed snails, all you need is a grassy field. The snails find their own food.

which should be replaced by a system of elected dictators.

Disarmament, a method of achieving peace, was useless, he said. The only way to avoid wars was to advance military science until war was impossible. "On the day when two army corps will be able to destroy each other in one second, all civilised nations will recoil from wars in horror and disband their armies," he wrote.

He could not foresee the destruction of a city in less than a second; and his theories on the sanity of nations were equally as incorrect as his view on "the fast, but usually repulsive sex." Eventually, as he grew older, he gave up his activities in his explosives factories and went to Italy, where he lived at San Remo in a mansion which had a laboratory attached.

While his factories continued to pour out explosives—which, due to no small measure to his discoveries, were to revolutionise warfare—he made many plans for the elimination of wars.

Among his ideas was the formation of a council of Europe to which countries must submit disputes a year before making war. The year's wait, he thought, would give them time to have second thoughts. No doubt, it would have done, but their second thoughts may have been the same as the first.

He also suggested a system of collective security under which nations guaranteed to band together against a possible aggressor. But all his ideas had the same theme—peace through strength, peace because nations were frightened to make war, not peace because no nation or no man genuinely wanted war.

His own evaluation of himself as a dealer in death was that he manufactured explosives to save lives; that his dynamite and blasting gelatin saved many lives in mines and quarries because they could be used with safety.

But why, one might ask, did he manufacture smokeless powder, which had only one potential use in armaments? In December 1896, Alfred Nobel was a sick man. He wrote: "It seems an irony that they now prescribe nitroglycerine for me. They call it Trinitrin, so as not to terrify the druggists and the public."

One day he sat down at his desk in San Remo to write a report on some samples of nitroglycerine powder. He had just completed it when he had a stroke and died. In the desk was his will. He had left a considerable sum—21,700,000 by the time the lawyers had finished arguing about it and taken their pickings—to establish peace prizes. These would be awarded "to the person who shall have most or best promoted the fraternity of nations and the abolition or diminution of standing armies and the formation and increase of peace conferences."

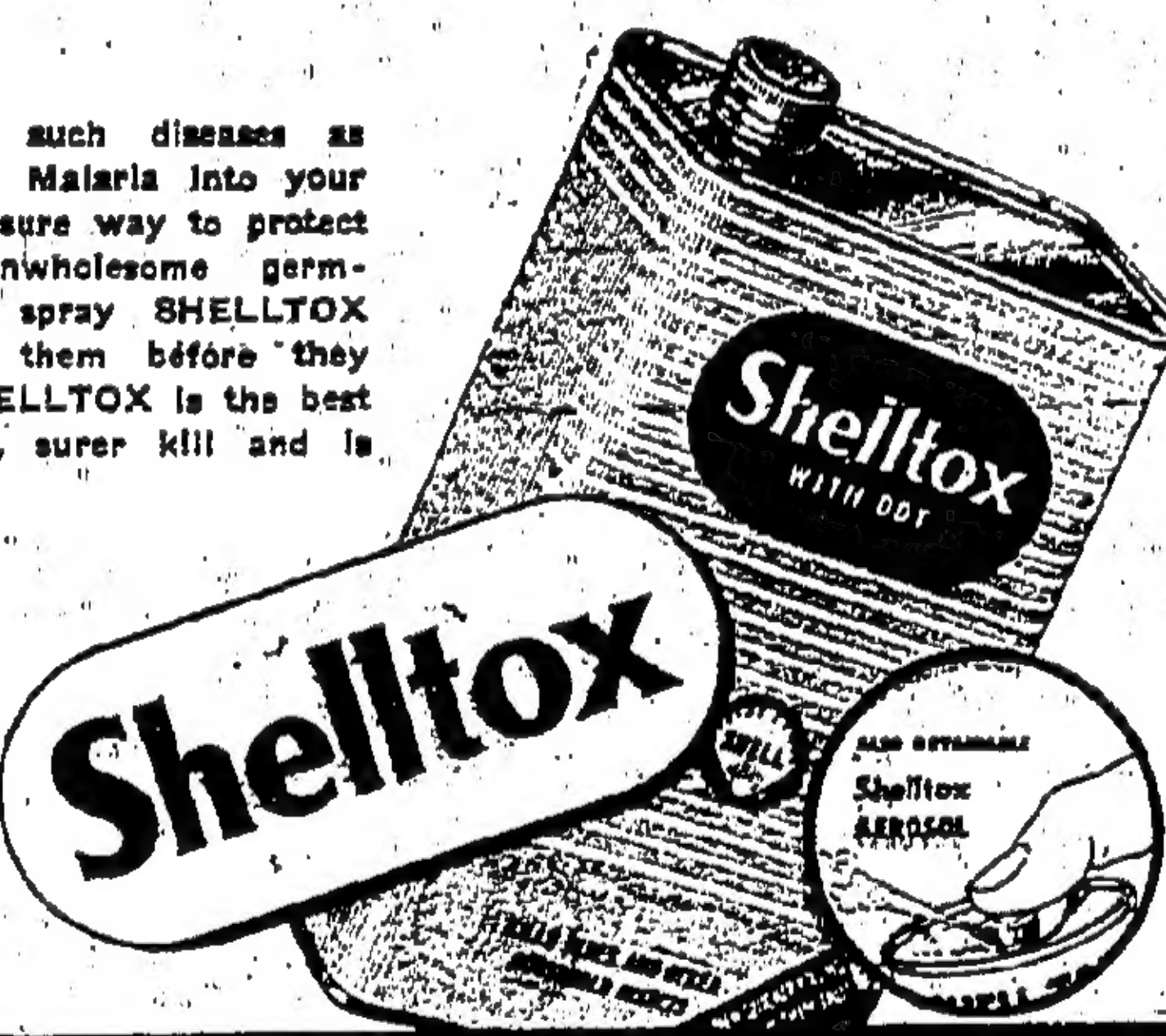
Altogether five awards were established—for work towards peace, and for chemistry, physics, medicine and physiology, and literature. Today the prizes, perhaps the most valued of all, are worth about £10,000 each.

DEATH  
TO ALL  
PESTS

I am a KILLER!  
let me clear  
your home of  
pests that fly

SHELLTOX NOW GIVES  
A QUICKER Surer KILL.

Kill them  
for sure with



And by the way my twin  
brother KILLS Cockroaches!

## EVER HEARD A SNAIL SING?

From ROBIN STAFFORD

PARIS. SNAILS sometimes sing—and that's only one of the facts packed into a new, 410-page encyclopedia, all about snails.

It has been written at the request of the Paris Museum of Natural History by M. Jean Cadart, teacher, snail-breeder, and son of a snail-breeder.

He says that snails cannot stand wind or drought, and that Frenchmen eat 600 million of them a year—enough to stretch, end to end, one and a half times round the world.

A snail, according to M. Cadart, has a pretty hard time from the cradle to the table.

He just can't hurry. Remember Lewis Carroll? "Will you walk a little faster," said a whiting to a snail, "There's a porpoise close behind us and he's treading on my tail."

But it isn't the snail's fault that he has to stop for breath every yard or so. He is like a fish out of water and has to retire inside the comfortable humidity of his shell.

Animal psychologist Mr P. H. Fischer, who was consulted by M. Cadart, says that snails have slight memories. And that can be frustrating.

In the time it takes a snail to get from A to B many things can happen—it can rain, a breeze can blow up, night may fall.

All of which involves an acclimatisation session inside the shell, by which time the snail, whose memory isn't all that good, has forgotten what it wanted to do anyway.

M. Cadart reports that the snails on his farm sing a high reedy kind of song after light

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## RICHARD DIMBLEBY, the man who has enjoyed unique opportunities of seeing its first two years unfold, reports on THE ROYAL SUCCESS STORY



### Our Young Queen Has Done Her Work Wonderfully

TWO years ago, on govern the United Kingdom about the world. It says that rainy day in and the Commonwealth ac- nothing of the tremendous June 1953, I sat in cording to their laws and responsibilities of State that Westminster Abbey customs, to uphold Law and the Sovereign must bear: of the self-sacrifice and ceaseless devotion to duty of the ceremony of Corona- maintain the laws of God, tion. I saw Her Majesty the Protestant religion, and the Queen sign the only the Established Church. written contract that exists. It is a brief enough docu- between the Crown and the ment, this Coronation Oath, people, the parchment Oath to cover the governing of in which she swears to millions of people spread



THE DAY OF DEDICATION

Not is there any reason why it should, for it is in the royal tradition that the children are taught from their earliest years that they are the servants of their people, and that they must give their whole lives to service.

Now, two years after her Coronation, we can see how faithfully the Queen has done her work, how clearly she has fulfilled the wish that she expressed in her Christmas Day broadcast from Auckland, New Zealand, in 1953: "I want to show that the Crown is not merely an abstract symbol of our unity, but a personal and living bond between you and me."

#### IN PRIDE OF PLACE

It is not easy to express the feelings that we have for the Queen, or the part that the Monarchy plays in our daily lives.

Love, admiration, loyalty, respect, these are the obvious emotions shared by us all. But behind them there is something deeper and more mysterious that it is difficult to put into words.

I have attended scores, perhaps hundreds of royal and State occasions in my capacity as a commentator. I have struggled as many times to find the right words to describe the true meaning of the Sovereign to the nation.

Her very existence is a guarantee of strength and solidarity, not just to us at home but to the several separate



AND THEN DAYS OF DUTY WITH A SMILE

nations that make up the Commonwealth family, to each of which she is as much "our Queen" as she is to us in Britain.

I wonder if it is not just Her Majesty's personal qualities that affect us, but the realization that we of Britain and the Commonwealth have preserved our security and our freedom throughout the centuries under royal government.

When we look at the Queen, we see, in fact, the Sovereign who, in changing human form, has guided and guarded our affairs for 900 years.

Any assessment of the two royal years since the Coronation must give pride of place to the Commonwealth Tour, magnificent in conception and unique in its compass, for never before had a reigning Sovereign circumnavigated the earth. Elizabeth tried twice to start the long journey as a Princess, being prevented first by her father's illness and second by his sudden death. When finally she reached the Commonwealth peoples she was Queen, and Queen of each country in which she stayed.

This she made clear when she opened the Australian Federal Parliament, addressing it "not as a Queen from far away but as your Queen and part of your Parliament."

#### EACH IS INDEPENDENT

THE Australian Prime Minister I had the same thought in mind in his speech at Canberra. "The moving truth tonight has nothing to do with high pomp or regal splendour: it is quite simply that you are in your own country and among your own people."

We at home are apt to take too much for granted the co-operation of the Commonwealth. We must realize that the days have gone when Britain laid down a course of action, confident that the Empire countries would follow suit automatically.

Today the hard fact is that each country of the Commonwealth is an entirely independent unit, free to follow policies, if it so desires, that conflict with ours, to form alliances and enter treaties without reference to us.

Each is strong, wealthy, and immensely proud of its independence. Yet each acknowledges gladly the one link that

holds the world-wide family together—the Queen.

The Royal Tour undoubtedly brought Britain into closer and more sympathetic contact with the Commonwealth and Empire. Furthermore, through newspapers, films, television, and radio, it brought those countries closer to us.

To see the Queen acclaimed all over the world, to see her against the splendour of mountain, desert, and prairie of new cities and "rich farmlands, all within her personal domain, was to realize more vividly than ever before how vast is the family to which we belong, and how important to the peace and prosperity of the world.

#### ROLE IN THE FUTURE

I THINK there is no secret in the fact that the unparalleled success of the Tour led to discussions about the future role that Her Majesty may play as Queen of so much of the earth's surface.

It will not be long surely, before the speed and comfort of air travel will make it possible for her to have a home in each of the Commonwealth countries (and, perhaps, within the Colonial Empire also) which she can visit regularly. It will be our loss, but knowing the full meaning of the Queen's presence with us, we can hardly begrudge the other members of the family their share of the comfort and sense of pride and well-being that she brings.

Second only to her outstanding service to the Commonwealth in the past two years I would put the success with which Her Majesty has combined the roles of Queen and mother. She has contrived to fulfill her arduous programme of engagements (often far too arduous) and her daily work on documents and State papers while still remaining a young, unspoiled woman and a devoted parent.

One of the finest royal portraits ever painted, that by Annigoni (and I am insular enough to wish that we had not been forced to go to Italy for a work of such calibre), has captured this combination of youth and dignity.

The young Queen, in her Garter robes, gazes steadfastly, proudly into the future, the symbol, as the artist said, of the new Elizabethan Age.

Annigoni explained: "In the very pose, the tilt of her head, and the richness of the Garter robes, I tried to convey all the regal majesty and dignity of the Throne. But that was not all the picture had to show. I wanted to capture in her the spirit of youth. It had to be a portrait, too, of a beautiful young woman."

A great deal is written about the Queen's "private life" that is unworthy; the Royal Family is subjected to torrents of sentimental inaccuracy, indeed sheer fiction.

The truth is that Her Majesty has little or no private life as we know it. She carries a perpetual responsibility to which she has dedicated herself. If we admire her devotion it is our duty to see to it that the few moments of privacy left to her are respected.

Particularly is this necessary in the case of the Duke of Cornwall and Princess Anne. The Queen has asked that Charles and Anne shall not be treated yet with the formality due to royalty—a request which may be construed as a mother's desire that her children should not be spoiled.

#### HELP AND INSPIRATION

THIS much we can do to lighten the Queen's burden and to help her to maintain the delicate balance between her life as the Sovereign and her life as a wife and mother.

It would be a practical way of expressing our gratitude to her for all that she has done in the two years since she took the Oath and signed her contract with us.

We may leave it, perhaps, to that master of simple, forthright speech, Sir Winston Churchill, to sum up all that we feel in the words which he used when addressing the Queen at his farewell dinner at No. 10, Downing Street:

"Madam, I should like to express the deep and lively sense of gratitude which we and all your peoples feel to you and to His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, for all the help and inspiration we receive in our daily lives, and which spreads throughout the British realm and the Commonwealth and Empire."

NEXT SATURDAY: THE CHALLENGE TO THE DUKE

## SAND, SUN, SOCIETY—AND 29,000 ROOMS

By Jacqueline Engert

NEW YORK. CENTRAL Park has finally burst into a green Spring bloom. The benches are back again in Rockefeller Centre where secretaries and tourists compete for a place in the lunch-hour sun to watch the crowds on Fifth Avenue. The smart set is back from Florida.

It was a long cold winter. But even while the New York temperatures hovered around freezing point it was fashionable to have a suntan. Snobs basked secretly by sunny lamps in their centrally-heated apartments but the authentic glow came from Florida. During the cold months, it was a society must.

Specialties fled from the bitter winds which whipped along the city sidewalks. With their frail bodies tucked under their arms, they migrated in hundreds to the "sunshine state" and the millionaire winter playground. There, one society assembled and again columns bubbled with the names of celebrities having fun and frolic by the brick blue ocean and the palm trees.

Swanky hotels and night clubs did a booming business. Millionaires threw extravagant parties for friends in the name of sweet charity. Social gatherings were attended by the Duke and Duchess at Windsor, Hollywood film stars, the glamorous, the wealthy and the hangers-on.

#### Gold Coast

Batches of little businessmen took off for Florida too—to do business with as many tycoons and relaxing executives as they could find.

Along the "gold coast," Miami and Miami Beach take in most visitors of the gold-planning resorts. Miami has several miles of ocean beach. It has a special following of old people, who sit out the winter in the sun after year and year northwards with the coming of spring like migrant birds.

Newest Miami attraction is a \$125,000 aquarium. Hammerhead sharks, sailfish and other ocean creatures wallow in deep channels through which 6,000 gallons of ocean water is pumped per minute. (Celebrities can go deep-sea fishing themselves for \$40 to \$80 a day.)

Miami Beach is claimed to be the world's hotel capital—its eight square miles provide 29,000 hotel rooms. It was developed from an unknown village in a mangrove swamp to a millionaire Carl G. Fisher spent in the balmy sunshine.

#### Their War

A group took refuge in the Everglades and refused to recognize the United States Government. Until recently—until tourists penetrated their territory—they lived undisturbed. Shortly after the United States did so they declared war on Hitler as a separate nation. But Florida, the "playboy state," is growing up. Industry is moving in among the hotels. Huge new housing estates are going up for workers, and thousands of Americans are moving south to live all year. Millionaire Carl G. Fisher spent in the balmy sunshine.

## SHOTGUNS GUARD DIAMOND MAKERS

From RICHARD KILIAN

TWO scientists, working in a barn on an isolated farm near New York are making diamonds cheaply by chemical process. And they never move far from their guns.

Rifles and shotguns are loaded and ready for instant action. At night the barn is lit up by floodlights to discourage intruders.

For the two men—Dr Leandro Tomarkin, from Switzerland, and Mario Vilella, from Puerto Rico—have worked out the formula for making diamonds from ordinary carbon.

The success of the new process is the result of five years' work at the farm at Spring Lake.

The secret can be revealed because Dr Tomarkin and Mr Vilella have been granted a patent. Now they are planning to move into larger quarters.

They are not the first to produce diamonds—an international sign of wealth—in a laboratory. Last February the General Electric Company announced

that its research laboratories had created diamonds—but production costs were uneconomical. At Spring Lake Dr Tomarkin and Mr Vilella said their process is already "highly economical."

Who are these men? DR TOMARKIN—he is 59—came to the U.S. from Paris in 1940 to organize a scientific congress. He stayed on.

MR VILELLA is a graduate of San Juan University, Puerto Rico.

They met, discussed their ideas, raised some money, and bought the farm at Spring Lake.

They installed a 300-ton hydraulic press which gave them the high pressures needed—as much as 350,000 lb. a square inch.

They heated the materials necessary by electricity—as high as 6,000 degrees Fahrenheit—in a small, aluminum cylinder. And after years of patient, lonely, and devoted work they produced a real diamond.

# Tiger

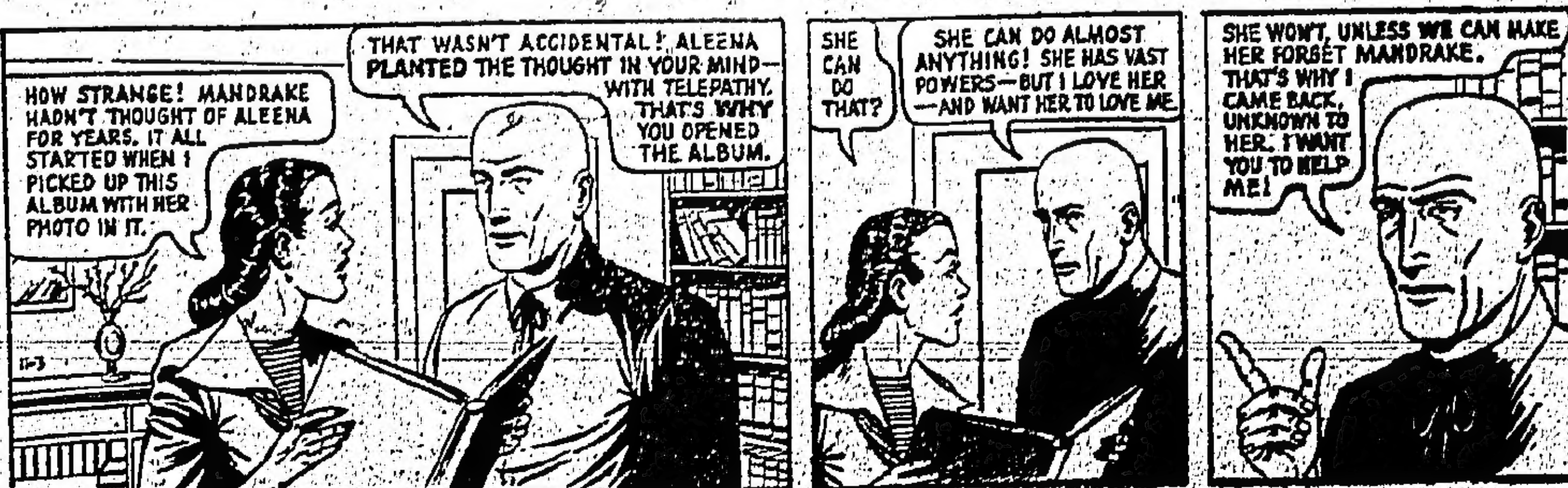
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## MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis





# THE QUACK AT SEA....

FACED with the necessity of finding a completely new job, I'd be willing to try almost anything provided it was neither maritime nor medical.

I am a poor sailor, I love my warm bed, and the sight of blood turns me queasy. It therefore seems quite preposterous that once, at the age of 21, I served in the Merchant Navy as a ship's doctor.

Before any pillar of the BMA has time to raise his eyebrows, let me explain, that I was not engaged in this capacity. I joined my ship—a tramp steamer of some 900 tons—with the rank of purser.

## A passenger

Ordinarily, of course, tramps of that size don't carry pursers, but my friend—who had casually asked if I'd like a trip to South America for the mere cost of my keep—explained, when I jumped impetuously at the offer, that Board of Trade regulations made it necessary for me to become one of the crew.

"To all intents and purposes you'll simply be a passenger," he assured me. "Nobody—and he chuckled at the very idea—"is going to ask you to do any work."

Which shows how limited is the knowledge of Legation Street about the ways of the men it sends down to the sea in ships.

"Purser, eh?" sniffed the Captain when I went aboard at Barry Dock. "Well, I expect I can find something to keep you occupied. What's your name?"

His face lit up when I told him I had recently come down from Cambridge.

"Medical student! Ah, that's good. You'll be our doctor. And I was conducted forthwith to the ship's surgery, protesting in vain that I had read law at the university.

## Tremulous hands

The surgery was a tiny compartment sandwiched between the galley and the officers' bathroom. Except that it lacked a jar of leeches, appeared to contain the original stock-in-trade of some long-departed healer who had no doubt styled himself "barber-chirurgien." On a rickety, semi-bald couch lay the tattered remains of a medical encyclopaedia, which must have been published only after they ceased to spell "scurvy" with an initial "C."

Thus equipped, ignorant and squeamish, I set out for the River Plate with the well-being of 34 men placed with apparent confidence in my tremulous hands.

For the first three days I had no patients, and I wouldn't have cared much about their fate had things been otherwise, for I could find nothing in my surgery to alleviate sea-sickness. And then, a bare hour after my first solid meal, I received a visit from a most important sufferer.

It was the Captain himself. He had developed a boil in an inaccessible spot; would I kindly deal with it?

I have never prided myself on having a poker face. One glance at it, and the Captain's rugged features registered a blend of compassion, contempt and sudden misgiving.

"Still haven't found those sea-legs? Never mind then, I'll see what the steward can do."

## Another week

Off he went at some haste, leaving me to treat myself for nausea and shock with the brandy I had thoughtfully added to the dusty bottles on the surgery shelves.

When a week passed without another call on my services, I began hopefully to believe that the Captain's report of my ineptitude had spread throughout the ship.

It proved false optimism. On our first day out from Madeira, I was summoned from my bunk with the news that one of the firemen—the unlikely name of Robin—had slipped off an iron ladder running down to the engine room.

I found Robin lying all over the threshold crouching in the surgery, groaning piteously while the Captain's steward washed coal dust from his bare torso.

## Did it happen...

Another story in this series of FACT or FICTION tales. Did this actually happen? This is a riddle for YOU to solve. Tomorrow the answer will be published.

There was no mistaking the delight on the shiny black face when Robin saw who had come to escort him to Villa Constitution. Twice on the way to the station, and again while we waited there, he complained eagerly of feeling ill. He collapsed as the train came in, and I had to engage a porter to help me aboard with him.

The patient rallied once we had got moving. Unfortunately, however, we had to change at a station big enough to boast a bar, and he had a relapse during our ten-minute wait there.

A crowd gathered to enjoy the spectacle of the big African writhing in agony on the platform, and it was with dismay that I saw one of them produce a flask eventually from his pocket as a reward for the entertainment.

I suppose I should have waved it away, but I know, if I had, either Robin, or I would have remained behind on that platform when the second train steamed out—and I prefer not to contemplate which of us it would have been.

"What seems to be the trouble?" I inquired, attempting a bedside manner but achieving only an apprehensive croak.

The Jap grinned. "Collar-bone broke," he announced cheerfully.

I looked up "collar-bone" in the encyclopaedia. "The arm," I read, "should be strapped across the body as shown in Fig. 6." The page containing Fig. 6 was missing.

"I'd better strap it," I told the steward hollowly. His grin expanded. "No straps. All right, I'll bandage it." I lost my nerve. "Ask the Captain if he'd please step down here."

Robin had been silent through this exchange, but with the departure of the steward he began to groan again. His eyes were rolling. Rolling in agony, I told myself miserably—I'll noticed that they veered always in the direction of the brandy bottle.

## One patient

Well, at least there was one thing I could do for the poor devil. I poured him a stiff measure, and he had just time to thrust the empty glass back at me before the Captain stalked in.

The Captain was in a bad temper. "What's all this nonsense?" he demanded.

"I think it's a broken collar-bone."

"Impossible. That'd mean putting back to Madeira. Give him a dose of salts."

"But surely... I mean, if the bone's fractured."

"It's always worked before." And he stalked out again.

Orders are orders. To have ignored them would have been mutiny. I gave Robin a dose of salts—and that night, sure enough, he was back on his job.

Faith in me as a healer seemed now to have been finally dispelled. Or so I thought, until we'd crossed the Equator, when I was made unhappily aware that I still retained one loyal patient, Robin.

This time the big African fireman came staggering to the surgery with a hand pressed against his forehead.

His lower lip quivered with his lower lip complaining of groans, of intolerable shooting pains. I immediately diagnosed appendicitis, but as the encyclopaedia began at Bunions, and I couldn't remember which side one's appendix was on, I treated him again for a fractured collar-bone.

## Destination

In writing my report of the case, I thought it prudent not to mention my subsequent discovery that the brandy bottle was missing from the surgery. It had no doubt disappeared while I was busy dispensing the salts.

That night there was a fight in the fo'c'sle and as Robin was a leading participant, it seemed clear that my medical knowledge had again prevailed.

We reached our destination, Rosario, and discharged the coal we had brought out, then began a slow journey back along the Plate picking up maize at small river ports. With the comforting knowledge that real doctors were now within easy call, I was able to relax—until the Captain found a new job for me.

One of the firemen had gone adrift in Rosario. The police had picked him up and relieved him of the few pesos he had left after his jag. Now it was necessary for a ship's officer to go and collect him. I knew instinctively, the moment I was picked, that it was Robin I should have on my hands again.

"On no account, let the 'get near a drink' the Captain adjured me as I left.



Drawing by Koolman

As it was, Robin soon revived again; and, since the Captain had had the forethought to send the Third Officer to meet us at Villa Constitution, progress towards complete recovery was maintained.

## Thick skull

That was the last time I had Robin as a patient, for I went down myself with malaria shortly after we had sailed out of the Plate. I was treated and nursed by the Japanese steward with a competence that would have won approval from Lord Horder.

"That little Jap makes a first-rate doctor," I said with a note of wonder to the Third Officer when he came to visit me during my convalescence.

The Third nodded. "Oh, yes, he knows his stuff. He was once an orderly, I believe, in some Tokyo hospital."

"Then why on earth was I appointed ship's doctor?"

The Third looked embarrassed. "Well I shouldn't be saying this, but—well, you see, the Old Man thought you'd like to—well, feel you had some sort of responsibility on board."

He said it couldn't do much harm, so long as you never had a proper patient.

"What about Robin?"

"Oh, Robin. We've been lumbered with that—before. Always coming the old soldier to try and dodge his turn. He just can't get it into his thick skull that we're not all plain mugs."

I didn't say so but it occurred to me that Robin conceivably had something there.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this page until Monday, when the answer will be given with another story in this series by

Hesketh Pearson

Did yesterday's story—Death Played the Flirt, by Bernard Miles—actually happen? Answer—YES.

# TICKET

# TO

# TROUBLE

By LEONARD MOSLEY

LOUISE FRASER, a young British actress attending Cannes Film Festival, is told to take a mysterious packet to "Jules," a young man who will be playing in the Casino at midnight.

"PERHAPS it is life or death itself," the Algerian carpet seller had said. And today I know what he means.

I have ever seen a murdered woman? It did not occur to me that it would ever come within my experience. I am 23 years old. I have spent the last five years of my life trying to discover how to be a good actress.

But how does a good actress behave when she is confronted by a body?

I have a terrible feeling that it may all have been my fault; that if I had been on time, Elsa might still be alive. I meant to be at the Casino at midnight exactly, as the carpet seller had asked me.

But I am speedily discovering that no one at film festivals is ever on time that no film ever starts when it is supposed to, and sometimes never seems to finish at all.

TONIGHT was German night at the Film Festival. The delegation of German stars waited until the last possible minute, then swept in under the arc-lights and took their seats.

I went up the stairs to my seat with Peter Glenville. He is the son of that famous principal boy, Dorothy Ward, and her husband Shaun Glenville. He is a fine director and I once had a part in one of his plays.

The German film was one of those heavy costume romances that seem to go on and on, full of lovely scenes and turgid acting.

When it was over, we walked along the promenade towards the Casino. I did not realize that it was so late, and I thought there would be no harm in going to the party that the Germans were giving at the night club attached to the Casino.

I danced with Peter Glenville and took a drink of champagne from Anatole Litvak (he made that famous film "The Snake-Plait," you will remember).

I felt like a great success until I glanced at my watch—and realised that it was ap-

proaching one in the morning. And I had a date with Jules in the Casino for midnight.

I excused myself and went up through the communicating corridor to the Cannes Casino. I showed them my passport and handed over 300 francs and they let me pass through.

ALL the gambling tables were crowded. I saw the Dockers playing at one table, the Begum Aga Khan at another. Doris Day was having a mild flutter.

But where was Jules, the young man for whom I was looking?

I glanced towards the roulette table near the entrance to the bar—and I saw him. He was seated by the croupier, and he looked very pale. I walked slowly over to him and I knew at once that this was the man with whom I had my rendezvous, for each time the croupier called "Messieurs, faites vos jeux," he put down a red 1,000 francs plaque on the three and five. That was the signal.

I went up to him, leaned over and said: "I am Louise Fraser." I fumbled in my handbag and was about to pull out the envelope containing the key.

He was a good-looking, bronzed young man; a typically healthy South Coast Frenchman, I thought.

Suddenly he looked up at me and I saw panic in his eyes. He pulled me down towards him, so that his mouth was close to my ear, and he said: "Why did you come so late? At all costs do not talk to me now. Pretend to play at the table."

HE pushed some chips towards me. I took two of them and placed them on No. 24, which is my sister's birthday, and waited—and the croupier shuffled a pile of chips towards me.

"Good. Play them again," said the young man, and I put everything I had been given on No. 17, which is the birthday of my dachshund dog. Once more the croupier pushed a pile towards me, and gradually I began to realise that I was winning money.

"Good," said the young man. "Now take your money and cash it. And then go out on to the harbour wall and you will find an English car with the number WPF 798. I cannot leave now because I am being watched."

But you will find Elsa in the car—and you will give the envelope to her."

He was very pale, he looked very frightened, and his tone of voice was so urgent that I could not help but obey him. I took up my chips and walked to the cashier, and absent-mindedly stuffed the notes into my purse.

I was only half-aware that I was suddenly in possession of a good deal of money.

I WALKED out of the Casino and on to the harbour front, searching for the car WPF 798. "Don't hesitate," the young man at the table had said. "Just open the door and get inside, and there you will find Elsa."

Half-way up the dock I saw the car. Yes, there was a woman in it. I knew by the silver sheen of her hair that it was the woman on the train, the woman Elsa, who had given me the envelope. I opened the door of the car and slipped inside.

"I am tired of all this conspiracy," I said. I took the envelope and thrust it into her hand. "Here is the key. You wanted me to deliver. I don't want to be troubled with it again."

Then I started to tremble with terror. For the hand to which I had confided the envelope was cold. Elsa, when I leaned against her, suddenly slumped against the side of the car.

WHEN I looked at her I saw the marks on her neck. I knew she was dead.

And, from the back of the car, came a soft sound of somebody breathing. I turned around swiftly and made to leave the car. But a strong hand reached over and wrenched my fingers away from the handle.

"Once more I have to ask you, Miss Fraser," said a familiar voice. "To hand me over the envelope."

I knew I was back with the shaven-headed young man with the eye-patch—the one who had tried to strangle me. The one who had obviously already strangled Elsa.

"Good," said the young man. "Now take your money and cash it. And then go out on to the harbour wall and you will find an English car with the number WPF 798. I cannot leave now because I am being watched."

NEXT WEEK: WATCH OUT FOR NEW THRILLS

What a doctor thinks of women

# LADIES, YOU APPAL ME

By Dr Bellamy Hobson

MAN is a reasoning animal. Woman, on the other hand, proceeds by intuition. That is the only explanation for the extraordinary things you do.

Tommy's temperature is 102. Any reasonable being would conclude he was too hot. Not his mother. She shuts the window, lights the fire, puts on an extra eider-down, takes his temperature an hour later and just can't understand why it has gone up to 103. By some extraordinary mental process she thought he was chilled!

Your poor husband has a tummy upset and can't stop being sick. What do you do? You keep bringing food and urging him to eat, telling him he must keep his strength up.

Why is it that, when a woman has been trained to be a nurse, and had the intuition kicked out of her, she is a miracle of competence; but when she hasn't, she couldn't be more dumb?

No married woman would dream of cooking without having a cookery book, but how many possess a manual of home nursing?

No, they rely on that fly-blown verse: "What pain and anguish rack the brow, a ministering angel bow."

Ministering angel, my foot. Most of them don't know a draw sheet from a bedpan. If asked to give a blanket bath, they just gape. They wash thermometers in hot water and wonder why they break.

They make arrowroot so that the spoon stands up in it. They can't keep a temperature chart. They think nursing means straightening up the bedclothes, making the sick room a hot house, and wondering why an invalid can't eat Irish stew.

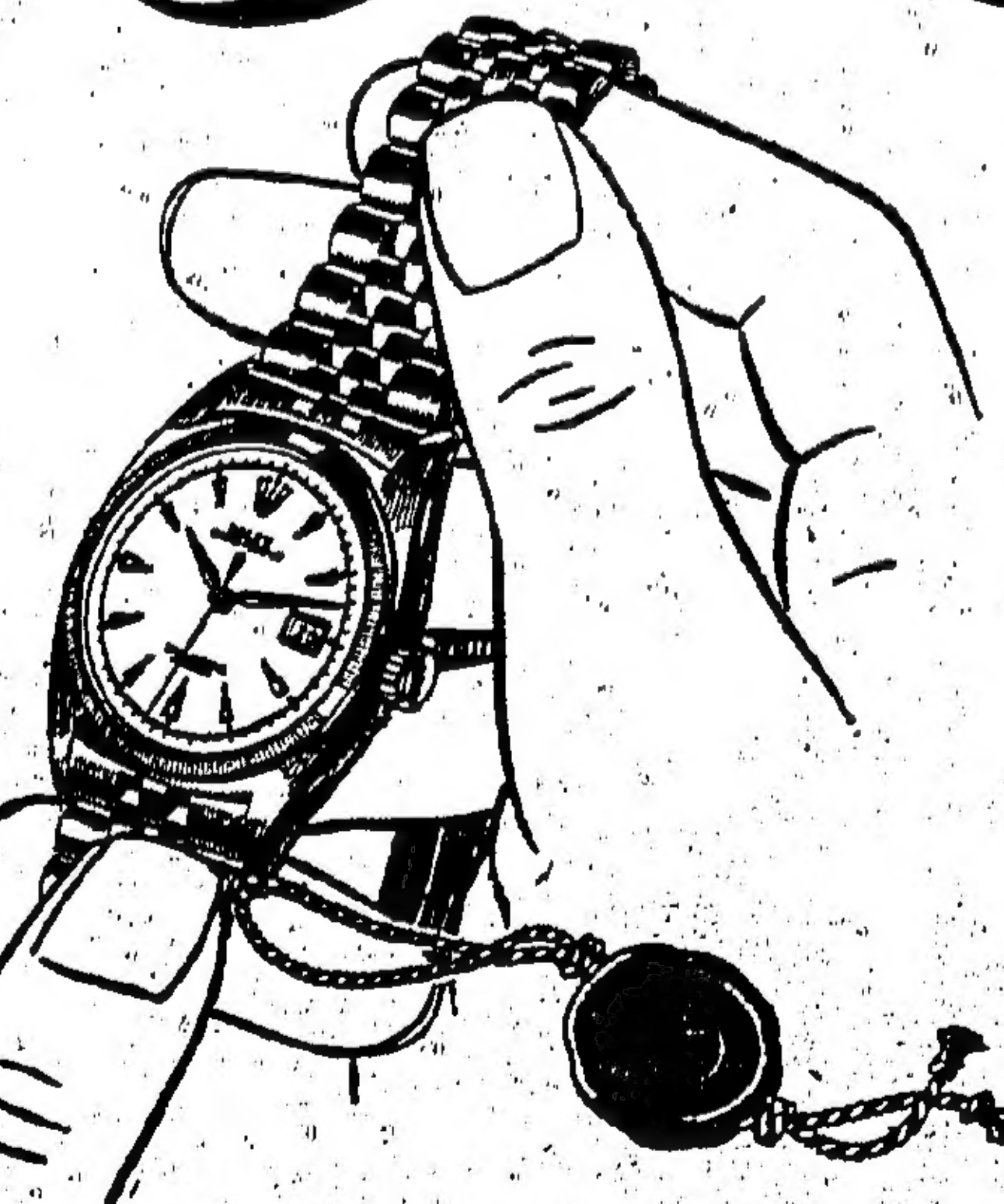
Ladies, you appal me. You can't even tell me in simple language what you are suffering from. You use weird language, and say you have "gastric" or "intestinal catarrh."

I don't know what you mean, and I'm quite sure that you don't. Why not give up this attitude and THINK?

Most of the time you don't notice a ticking clock. Now and then you do. Most of the time you don't notice your heart beating—but if you do, what a scare it throws. Instead of being reassured the thing is still ticking over, you rush to the doctor afraid it will stop.

Yet if your ankles swell like piano legs, which surely indi-

# ROLEX



The extraordinary accuracy of Rolex wrist-chronometers is attested by the fact that over 250,000 Official Timing Certificates have been issued by Swiss Government Testing Stations—three times as many as the rest of the Swiss watch industry combined.

# ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement.

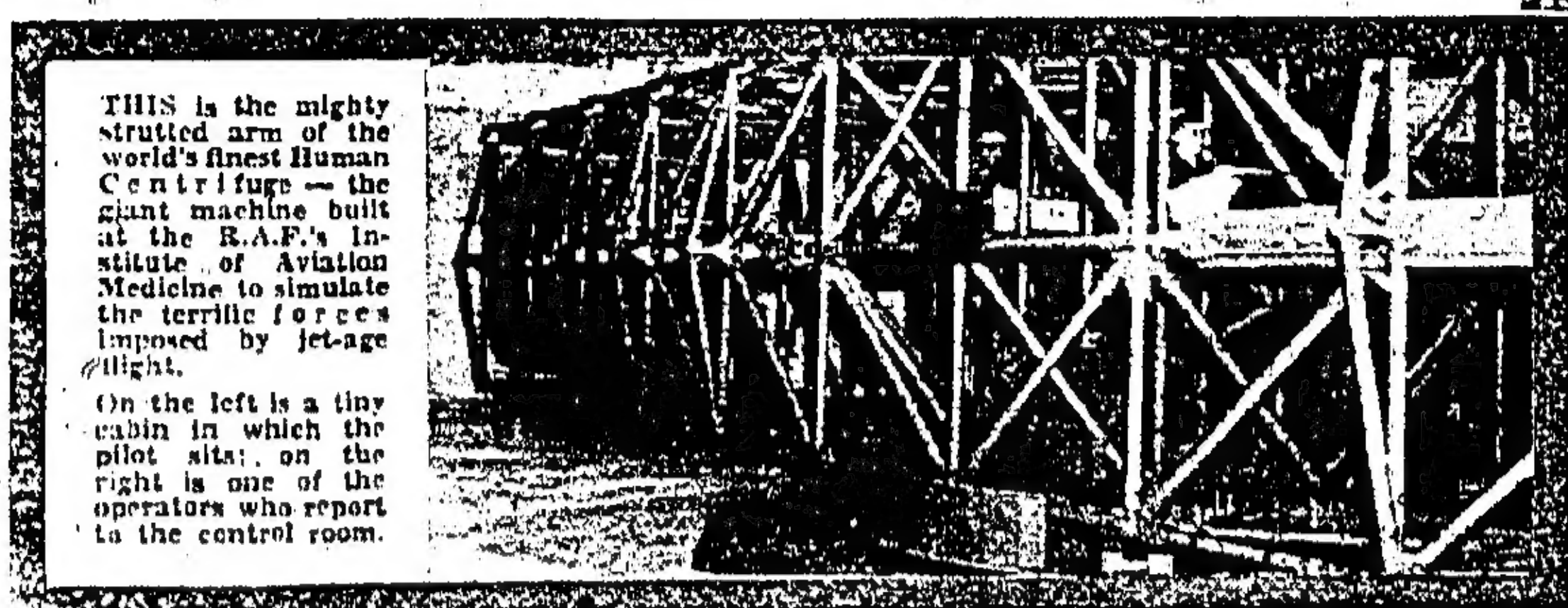


# THIS IS THE PRICE OF SPEED!

First pictures from Britain showing the strain jet-age airmen must submit to

A SUPER merry-go-round built to find out just how much punishment the jet-age airman can take while still staying in control of his plane was put into action at Farnborough, Hants, yesterday. TWO CABINS like miniature space-ships hang from the ends of a 62ft. rotating arm which will whirl men round until they experience devastating strains up to ten times the force of gravity.

## HOW THE MONSTER MERRY-GO-ROUND WORKS



THIS is the mighty structure arm of the world's finest Human Centrifuge — the giant machine built at the R.A.F.'s Institute of Aviation Medicine to simulate the terrible forces imposed by jet-age flight.

On the left is a tiny cabin in which the pilot sits; on the right is one of the operators who report to the control room.

by CHAPMAN PINCHER

THE first man to dare the forces which simulate the toughest physical stress imposed on pilots in jet-age combat was Flight-Lieutenant James Fitzsimons, an RAF doctor-scientist.

I saw him strapped alone in the green-lit cabin slung from the arm of the Human Centrifuge, as the giant merry-go-round is called.

His only protection was an anti-G (for Gravity) suit. Electric leads were attached to him to measure his heart-beat, brain-waves, and blood-pressure.

### Greying out

THEN the huge concrete arena housing the £350,000 machine was cleared.

Standing in the control room I heard Fitzsimons' voice over the loudspeaker give the signal: "Ready to start Controller."

Switches were thrown, and the 2,200 horse-power motor began to spin the strutted arm.

Suddenly its speed raced with fantastic acceleration. The cabin swivelled out until it was almost horizontal. For five long seconds the control room dial registered "5 G's"—five times the normal force of gravity.

"My cheeks are sagging," Fitzsimons called. "I cannot move my arms now. Difficult to talk." Then faintly: "I am greying out."

If Fitzsimons' seat had been fixed to a spring balance at that moment it would have registered his weight as nearly half a ton. His lungs, stomach, and internal organs felt as though they were being dragged from their moorings.

His blood had become momentarily as heavy as Molten iron. Rushing away from his head to his legs, it had starved his eyes of their blood supply so that all looked gray.

Only the self-inflating rubber balloons of his anti-G suit pressing on his legs and stomach stopped him blacking out completely.

Then came the comment: "I am all right now," as the machine slowed down.

In a quiet recording room RAF doctors had been

watching robot pens trace out a running record of Fitzsimons' reactions during his ordeal. Charts showed the exact rate at which blood was drained from his face and just how his heart had tried to win the battle against increasing G's.

Soon Fitzsimons and other RAF doctors of the Farnborough team, led by Group Captain William K. Stewart, will be "risking the rigours of up to 10 G's."

The cabins will be fitted with dummy controls so that the pilot's reaction time—the delay before his muscles begin to obey his brain—can be measured under G's severest stresses.

### Redding out

THE doctors will, even be whirled upside down to measure the effects of "redding out"—the painful pressure caused by blood rushing to the brain in a power dive.

It is the violent changes of speed in the twists and dives of supersonic flight which subject a pilot to the savage stresses of G—not the speed itself.

From their findings the RAF doctors hope to develop more effective anti-G devices.



"G"—WATCH AS IT TAKES A PILOT INTO ITS GRIP...

THIS is what happens at the moment when an airman feels the tightening grip of his insidious enemy, G—the force of gravity. The loose skin of his face is pulled downwards, his eyes begin to burn, his eyelids feel dry and gritty. As blood drains from his eyes his vision is blurred and he "greys out."

As the G force increases, his teeth are bared like those of a snarling dog. His blood—as heavy as molten iron when the stress reaches six G's—runs to his legs and blinds him by robbing his eyes of their oxygen supply. He "blacks out."

Under the stress of still more G's, his heart is beaten in its efforts to pump the heavy blood to his brain and he becomes unconscious.

## Those Teen Age Frenzies—True Or False?

An Investigation By ANTHONY HUNTER

"COME away, dear," said the short-sighted old lady. "It must be a fight."

It was worse than that—it was a riot.

From a safe distance I watched 500 sobbing, swooning, shrieking teenage girls fighting literally to scale the vertical sides of the London Palladium.

Above their heads a slim, passable-looking chap of 26 mopped his brow and waved wanly. He had just climbed hurriedly to the roof to avoid the risk of being torn to pieces.

This is fan-fever. The hunted man was Johnnie Ray, American crooner and idol of bobby-soxers' dreams. His voice has been compared to a "buzz-saw" and a "siren."

He is not the only one. He is at present the reigning "Nabob of Sob" to weep, tear his hair, and gesticulate over

the stage microphone. The answering fan fever is earning him a reputed £150,000 a year.

### FRANKIE LAINE

Vying for the title of the singer teenagers most want to tear to pieces is Frankie Laine, whose "honey" (tonghorn to older ears) voice brings in about £120,000 per annum. He, too, is met with fighting and hysteria at the airport. Girls chase him to his hotel room and tear off at his performances, almost loud enough to drown that "honey" voice.

Then there is Frank Sinatra, who pioneered the swoons of young female audiences and Eddie Fisher, who regularly loses his shirt to fans and is, therefore, an up-and-coming

singer, earning more than £20,000 a year. Even Britain has Dickie Valentine, who, despite his modest £11,000 a year, can raise a very noisy swoon from 4,500 crazy fans.

What is this fan-fever? Is it a real emotion? Or is it just a rowdy outburst for boydens and Teddy-girls? Do the bobby-soxers really worship these "heart-string hallowers" or are they whipped up by sweating publicity men and "professional" swooners placed strategically in the audience?

There was only one way to find out. I went to see ten of Johnnie Ray's fans picked at random.

My first fan was Janet Robertson, an attractive head of 17, who lives in a most respectable suburban home in

Cambridge Drive Lee, S.E. She goes to college to learn shorthand and typing. She is quiet, well-spoken.

Her grey-green eyes sparkled as we spoke of Johnnie Ray: "The moment he comes on the stage I scream. It's such a relief to see him." She said: "Marry him? Good heavens, no. But when he sings, I might do anything. It's his terrific personality."

Miss Robertson organises fan clubs (more than 1,000 full members) in her spare time and "all for love."

"Just hysteria," that is how a doctor described Sinatra swooners. "They don't care tuppence for him really."

Margaret Downey, a tailor's cutter of Roman Way, Holloway and considered to be Johnnie's No. 1 fan, caught her breath: "I would throw myself into the Thames if he refused to see me in his dressing-room," she sobbed. By the look in her tear-filled eye, I believe she might. "But he always does invite us in," she added. "He's so kind and natural to his fans."

The newspaper columnist said: "It's just sex gone mad."

Jean Ebdon, 18, who lives at Wishart Road, Kidbrooke, is a typist (90 percent of Johnnie's fans are). "He's quite different from a boy friend. I want to mother him, he's so boyish. He just makes me go sort of mad and want to rush at him."

### ALL AGREE

A brunette, Jillian Brown, aged 17, of Belmont Park, Lewisham, S.E.: "He is such a little boy. It brings out all my motherly instinct. When I see him I want to rush up and bite him. Then I feel all weak."

Sheila Mew, Asylum Road, Walworth, aged 16: "He is the type who wants looking after."

I would look after him. I believe every word he is singing. A well-known hypnotist thinks fan fever is simple: "Just mass hypnotism, it's all done with the hands."

Josephine Jannaway, aged 16, of Annerly Road, Upper Norwood, rolled up her eyes and cried: "Oh, oh, Johnnie—this is for life. I can't look away from him. I'm spellbound. I've only got to listen to his records and I'm off again."

Also 16, Pam Jessett, of Kingslake Street, Walworth, S.E., said: "It's his actions. When he comes on the stage, I scream and scream. When he starts to sing and holds out his hands, I'm deaf to everything except his voice."

### WORSHIPS HIM

What have all these girls in common? Average age 17, all respectable, sensible, likable girls on any subject but "their Johnnie." All have been to see him a dozen times, all wear "I Love Johnnie" sweaters, scarves, or rings. All have bulging "Johnnie" scrapbooks, pin-ups and a complete record album. All joined Johnnie clubs of their own accord after seeing him.

All agree on one thing (the first thing they say when you plumb them: "ooohs and amash-ings"): "It's his sincerity, he really means what he sings."

As I sat talking to Shirley Oliver of Woodlands Lane, South Oxhey, Hertfordshire, and Silvia Borrell, Theobalds Lane, Holborn, both aged 19, Shirley spoke for all the fans: "When he cries, he really cries, and you feel so sorry for him that you cry too."

Then she spoke for half of the fans I saw: "I wouldn't marry him if I could. I'm going to be married next month."

Silvia spoke for the other half: "Oh, dear, if only I had the chance." What is fan fever? Is it sex-mad, degrading, rowdyism, hypnotism, or what? Let Pam Jessett's father, landlord of the Two Eagles, have the last word: "All girls are a bit crazy when they're young. I'd rather Pam was a Johnnie fan than a Teddy-girl. Only Johnnie Ray suffers and he's paid to do it."

## They Were Afraid To Vote

By JOHN McKENNA

FOREIGN correspondents

who covered the General Election here marvelled openly at the singular lack of fuss which attended it. Some of them even appeared before the TV cameras to tell viewers that the British General Election was a model for other countries. And, so, for the greater part, it was.

But a short bus ride from the TV studio in the Strand—in fact, just across the Thames in Lambeth—was revealed which redounded to no one's credit.

Many of the four thousand coloured colonial immigrants—mainly from the West Indies—who live in the Brixton district

of Lambeth did not vote because they dared not.

It had nothing to do with colour bar or racial prejudice. Any of them who had arrived before October last year was entitled to a vote, and the great majority of Lambeth locals would have liked to see them exercise their right as British citizens.

They did not vote because, in many cases, they were scared that they might be evicted from the grossly overcrowded rooms where they live.

They had never been listed as voters because get-rich-quick landlords—in most cases immigrants too—had refused to divulge the number of tenants paying them rent. The landlords knew that if they listed every tenant as a voter, local health authority inspectors would swoop to investigate obvious overcrowding.

These facts were confirmed by the Mayor of Lambeth, Herbert N. White, who has not spared

himself in improving race relations in his borough.

The fact that British citizens had, however much their own fault, been deprived of a vote was bad enough. What was really alarming was the bald confirmation of often expressed fears that a mass influx of colonial immigrants could perpetuate and create slum conditions.

So far Her Majesty's Government has been wary of any raising of the colonial immigration issue. They have argued that the immigrants, as British citizens, have every right to come to Britain, and once in the country cannot be identified as other than ordinary citizens.

Constitutionally and morally, the argument is irreproachable. But it does not offer any solution to a worsening problem which might in time become explosive.

Some time in the life of the new Parliament the problem is going to have to be faced and an answer found.

### JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a

San Miguel

By Frank Robbins

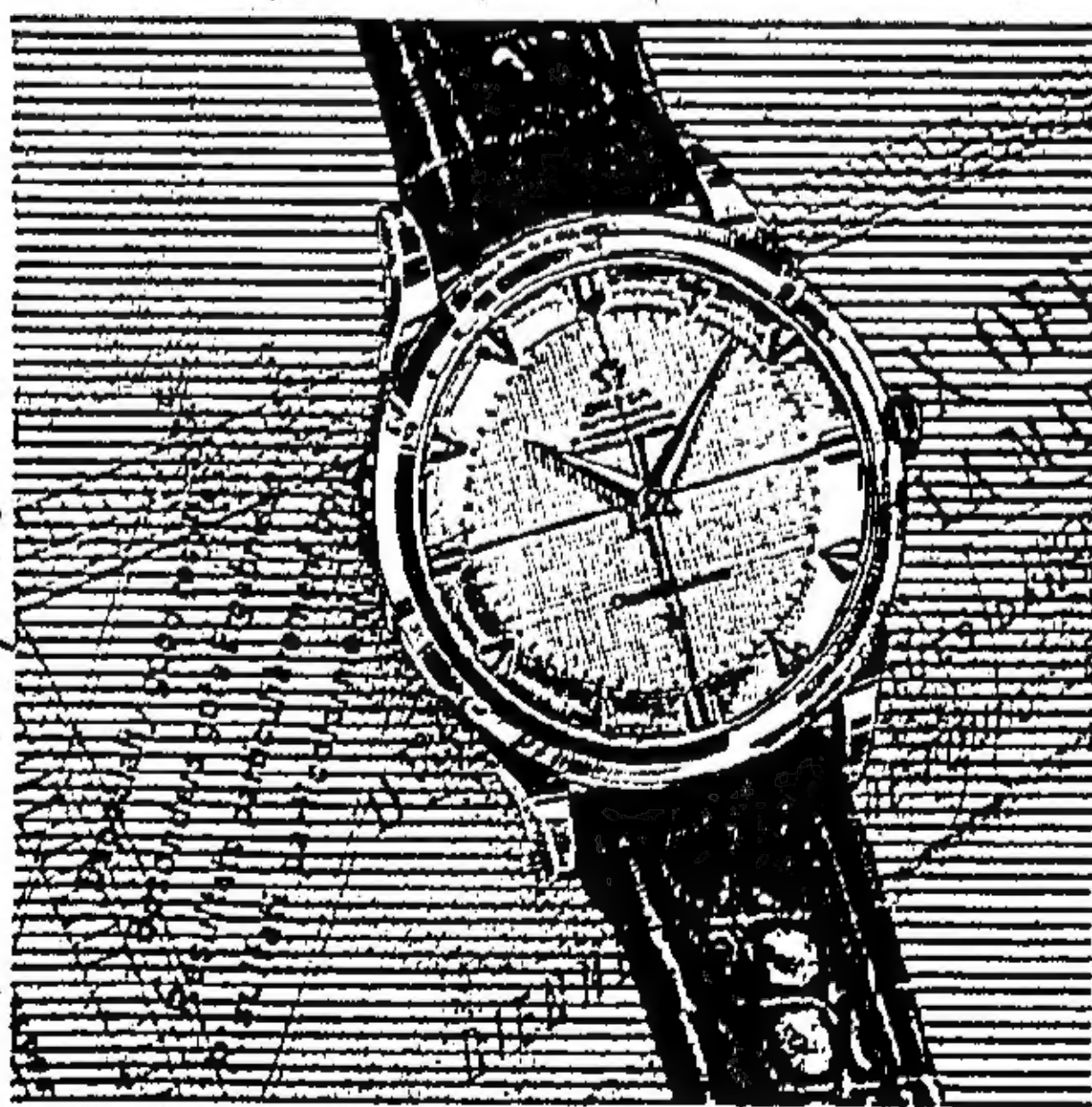
What this new self-winding chronometer means to you...

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It has been specially made, specially adjusted, and has passed stringent government tests for accuracy. Every Swiss chronometer is sold with an Official Rating Certificate showing just how it performed in these government tests. Particularly good chronometers are awarded a distinctive notation: "especially good results" printed on this certificate.

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## WEEK-END WOMANSENSE



Two versions of the beach story. Left: The miniature dress of striped cotton, with bloomers underneath and a separate calf-length skirt. Above: Cotton coffee jacket over shorts, in striped cotton.

## New Beach Clothes Are Soft And Feminine

By ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

IN a wonderful year for fashion, the news in beach clothes is plentiful and inspiring.

The new holiday things are as delicious as a ripe watermelon in a good season, for water melons.

The big trend is for softer, more feminine beach clothes, with the "miniature dress" the newest line.

This is a summer dress cut short above the knee, or shorter still. It's usually in cotton, and you wear it as a newer alternative to a shirt and short shorts.

If you prefer shorts or trousers, you'll want one of the new shapes in tops to go over them.

There are overblouses of all sorts, from middy blouses to

strapped cotton sweaters to wear over your shorts or skirt, rather than tucked in.

There are stylish standaway jackets of the coolie, smock, or tunic type. There are old-fashioned blazers.

There is much more colour on the beaches this summer, much less white. And there are new fabrics for beach things, including wool jersey. I report this as news, but I don't take an enthusiastic view of it. Cotton in all its forms seems much more practical to me.

Hats are the only crazy beach fashion that I would spend money on. Eccentric pants look dated. (Personally, I never wanted to look like a pirate.) Erotic wraps are never really comfortable.

But Italian straw hats in outlandish shapes or with flying

straw hair are amusing—and cheap.

Swimsuits are cut in new ways; they are properly constructed jobs, rather than scraps of cotton.

Most of them are boned, many of them have killed skirts; some are in wonderful prints.

Sun-glasses will be smaller. Hair will be longer and tidier. All symptoms of fashion turning away from the little-boy look towards something more feminine, even on the beach.

### The answers

I DECIDED that the best possible gift parents can give their children is poise. I am sure that for every child that wants squashing, there are half a dozen who want more con-

science, who need to be helped along.

And I think we have a better knack for this than our parents. The agonies of shyness we used to suffer are rare among children.

I have been asking parents how they have helped their children to feel as though they fitted in.

Most gave quite simple, practical solutions.

"If they are with us when we meet grown-ups, we always introduce them properly, as though they were human beings, not nuisances."

"We let them use the telephone. It helps them put their thoughts clearly."

"My daughter does most of the household shopping. Her first real friend was the butcher."

"They go out and entertain a lot. I limit the expense strictly, but not the number of outings."

"I keep them as well dressed as I can. Bad clothes can cause terrible shyness."

"I let them pay bus fares, small purchases and tips."

"I was brought up in a nursery. But our children live with us."

So do stop gawping for us, you bishops and schoolmasters,

and magistrates, who never tire of telling parents that we do everything wrong.

In this respect I think we are being quite clever.

### New models

MEMO to the thousands and thousands of English girls who want to be mannequins.

Two new models made a resounding hit in London last week.

BOTH WERE AMERICANS.

The first, Barbara Roth, was a lovely high-cheeked blonde of 21 who is studying for the stage.

The second, Diane Chadwick, flew over with the New York designer, Jane Derby, for her successful London show.

Diane Chadwick, hair: a strictly beautiful face. Barbara Roth hasn't got perfect model measurements. But both made the clothes they wore look superb.

WHY?

They were one hundred per cent professional. They smiled and looked tremendously happy. They knew how to move to show off each dress. They really sold those clothes.

If there's one thing I admire in the professional attitude—whether you're a minister, a manufacturer or a model.

(London Express Service)

### ROMANCE IN THE AIR?

## Few Cases Of 'Love At First Flight'

Montreal.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month, a California nurse named Ellen Church made her first flight in a United Airlines plane as the first air hostess.

Today, there are more than 10,000 air hostesses on American airlines and Trans-Canada Airlines has about 300.

Girls aiming for a career in the air often picture themselves marrying a handsome millionaire, but TCA chief stewardess Billie Housman says stewardesses rarely marry passengers. Miss Housman, a native of Central Butte, Sask, says she can remember only eight or nine cases of "love at first flight" during her 11 years with the airline.

### CREAM OF WOMANHOOD

However, 40 percent of the girls every year trade in the job for a wedding ring.

"It's probably because we try to pick the cream of Canadian womanhood," Miss Housman said in an interview.

She said TCA has to turn down two out of every three applicants for the job. But registered nurses who are single, between 21 and 28, between five and five-feet eight, and who weigh no more than 130 pounds are encouraged to apply at TCA interview centres. These are at Montreal, Toronto, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

Joan Pelletier, of Kirkland Lake, Ont., assistant supervisor of training, said if a girl is selected she goes through an intensive five-week course. She learns about meteorology, geography, aircraft recognition and the theory of flight, as well as psychology and good grooming.

### JUST A HAND

Miss Pelletier said hand-grooming is especially important.

"To a distracted passenger," she explained, "the stewardess, serving a meal or offering a magazine, may be just a hand."

The student hostess learns to serve meals at lightning speed, until she can get out 40 pre-cooked meals in less than 16 minutes.

On graduation, the students choose their runs in order of their marks. The popular transatlantic run, for which they pay \$395 a month, goes in order of seniority.

Starting pay on domestic runs is \$24 a month. The domestic maximum is \$376 after seven years' service. Maximum flying time is 87 hours a month—United Press.

## BRAVING THE JUNGLE WITH LIPSTICK AND MASCARA

London.

SHE had orange hair and tawny eyes and silver nails, and a jade-green knitted dress which clung to her well-curved figure.

She was fondling two meerkats which scampered out of her hands and made a rush for my ankles.

"Mind your stockings," said Michaela Denis, traveller, plover, TV star and author of *Leopard in My Lap*. "The little creatures just can't resist nylons."

"Naughty darlings," I said, as they clawed my feet.

Mrs Denis and her husband, Armand, are just back from a breath-taking safari in Africa, where they were for a month for books, lectures, and films, then off on another danger-laden journey through the belly of the Dark Continent.

### NO GUNS...

They will be away a year or more, photographing and taming wild animals. They will take tinned food and cosmetics and colour film and a careful of evening clothes—but no gun. For it is against their principles to take life.

"Please tell me," I said, "how you capture big game. You don't shoot and I am sure you don't approve of trapping. It must be frightfully dangerous."

"Well, we find the creatures when they are babies," said Mrs Denis. "I caught and reared a lion cub, for instance, and it grew very fond of me."

"Goodness," I said, "where was the lioness when you took the cub?"

"She wasn't there. The poor little cub was wandering about looking so lost."

"How awful," I said, "and what about your leopard—the one that's in the Manchester Zoo?"

"I had that from a baby too. I reared it on a bottle."

"Cricky," I said, "the bush must be full of orphan cubs. Have you ever caught an elephant?"

"Oh, yes," she said, "a little lost elephant in one of the National Parks."

"Poor Jumbo," I said, "was it difficult to catch?"

"Yes, terribly. It fought like a wild horse or a mad bull. It had tremendous strength."

"Heavens," I said, "when how- ever did you get it?"

### BY PERSUASION

"Well, I took its little tail and Armand took its little head and the rest of us surrounded it and we persuaded the little creature into our truck."

"How thrilling," I said. "Have you ever been in mortal danger?"

"Yes, often. I think the worst time was when I was photographing crocodiles in Uganda. I was sitting in a canoe in the middle of a deep river full of crocodiles, when a baby croc got caught in my photographic net. I tried to free it, and the canoe tipped over. I fell in the river."

—AND I CAN'T SWIM.

"Go on, go on," I said, "what happened?"

"First I liberated the little creature. Then I thought I was going to drown—no use calling for help for my husband was at that moment. I was swept under an overhanging branch and I hauled myself to safety."

"Just like Pearl White," I said. "Were you unscathed?"

### ONLY DAMAGE

"Yes, the only damage was to my shoe. A crocodile snapped at me and tore the sole of one shoe clean away."

"A narrow squeak," I said. "Tell me about the insects in Africa, do they drive you crazy?"

"No, they never come near me."

"And snakes?"

"I'm very fond of them."

"Have you ever been chased by big game?"

"Yes, many times. By herds of elephant and by rhino."

"It's marvellous," I said, "that you are here to tell the tale. How did you escape?"

"Well, when elephants charge you, the thing is to avoid them, with rhino, I try to get up a tree."

"When," I said, "it would be awful if there were no tree handy. How do you dress in the jungle?"

"Well, I always make up fully every day. I look just as you see me now, lipstick and mascara and powder, but slacks and shirt instead of a dress. And I always take evening clothes with me for wearing when we arrive at towns and cities."

Mrs Denis showed me a charming, bouffant strapless dress made of green pleated nylon.

"How pretty," I said. "What do you live on in the jungle, as you do not hunt your food?"

"We barter with the natives, and we take lots and lots of tins."

### 'AWFUL LIFE'

"No tinned meat, of course," I said. "But one more thing. I've always understood that trapping is much more cruel than shooting. How do you feel about—catching—these creatures?"

"It's quite all right," she assured me. "If you catch them carefully."

"And what about zoos? Do you mind seeing wild animals in captivity?"

"Not if it's a good zoo. And many animals are happier in captivity. Antelopes, for instance, with antelopes about, they have an awful life. It must be a relief!"

I said, "Good-bye, Mrs Denis."

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As she opened the door Handsome Hogan, one of the meerkats, scampered into the room again and nibbled my feet.

"I said, as one stocking ripped from the ankle to the knee.—London Express Service.

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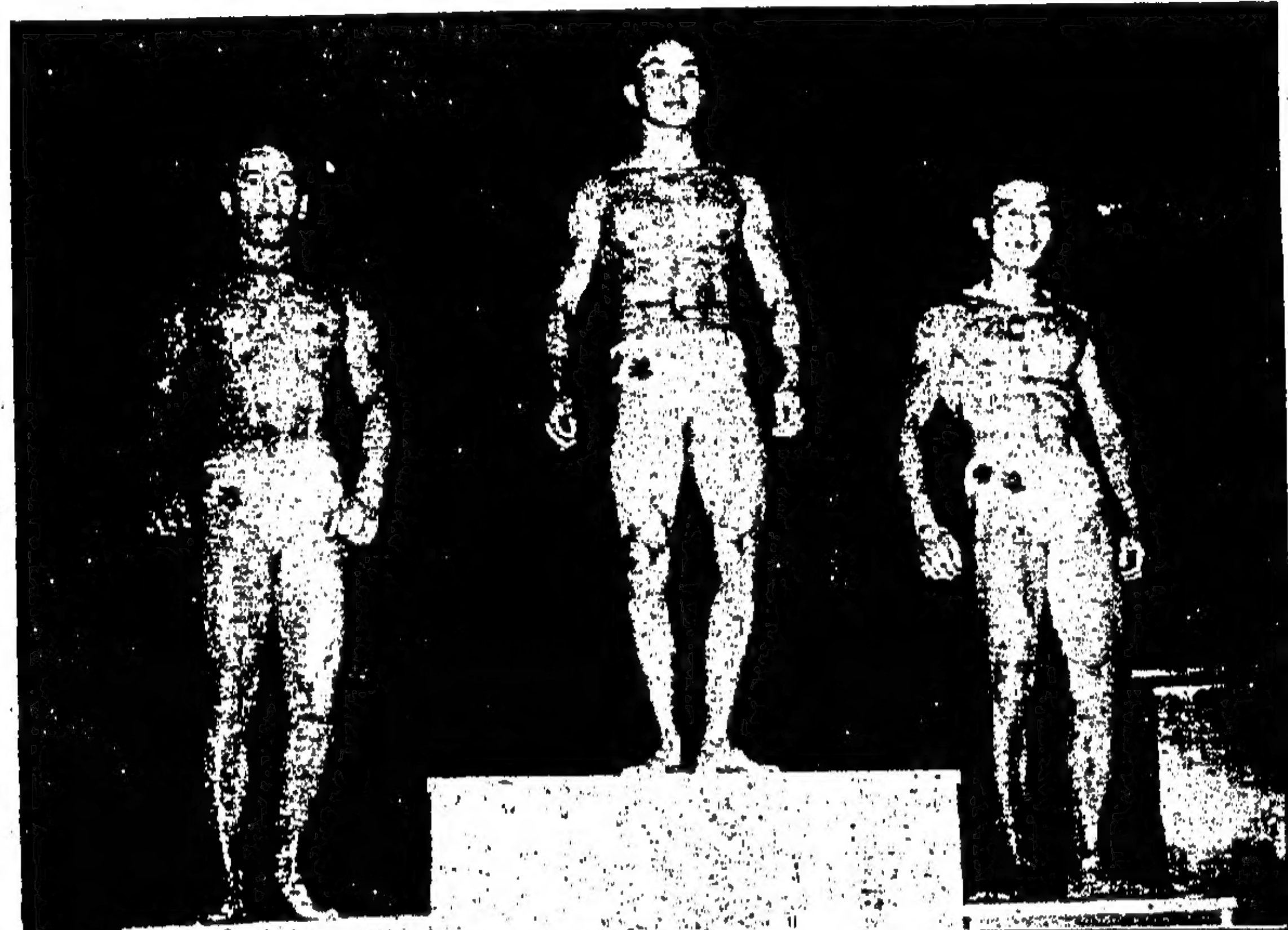
MR E. S. Gregg, President of the Westrex Corporation of New York, greeting guests at a cocktail party given in his honour at the Peninsula Hotel by Mr H. More (third from right), Asia manager of the company. (Staff Photographer)



MR Chu Hau-chiu and his bride, formerly Miss Ho Kwai-yuen, after their wedding at the Roman Catholic Cathedral last Monday.



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham paid a visit to the Nethersole Hospital on Wednesday and saw many aspects of the work there. In picture above they are accompanied by Dr the Hon. K. C. Yee, Mr D. L. Prophet and Dr F. Ashton. (Staff Photographer)



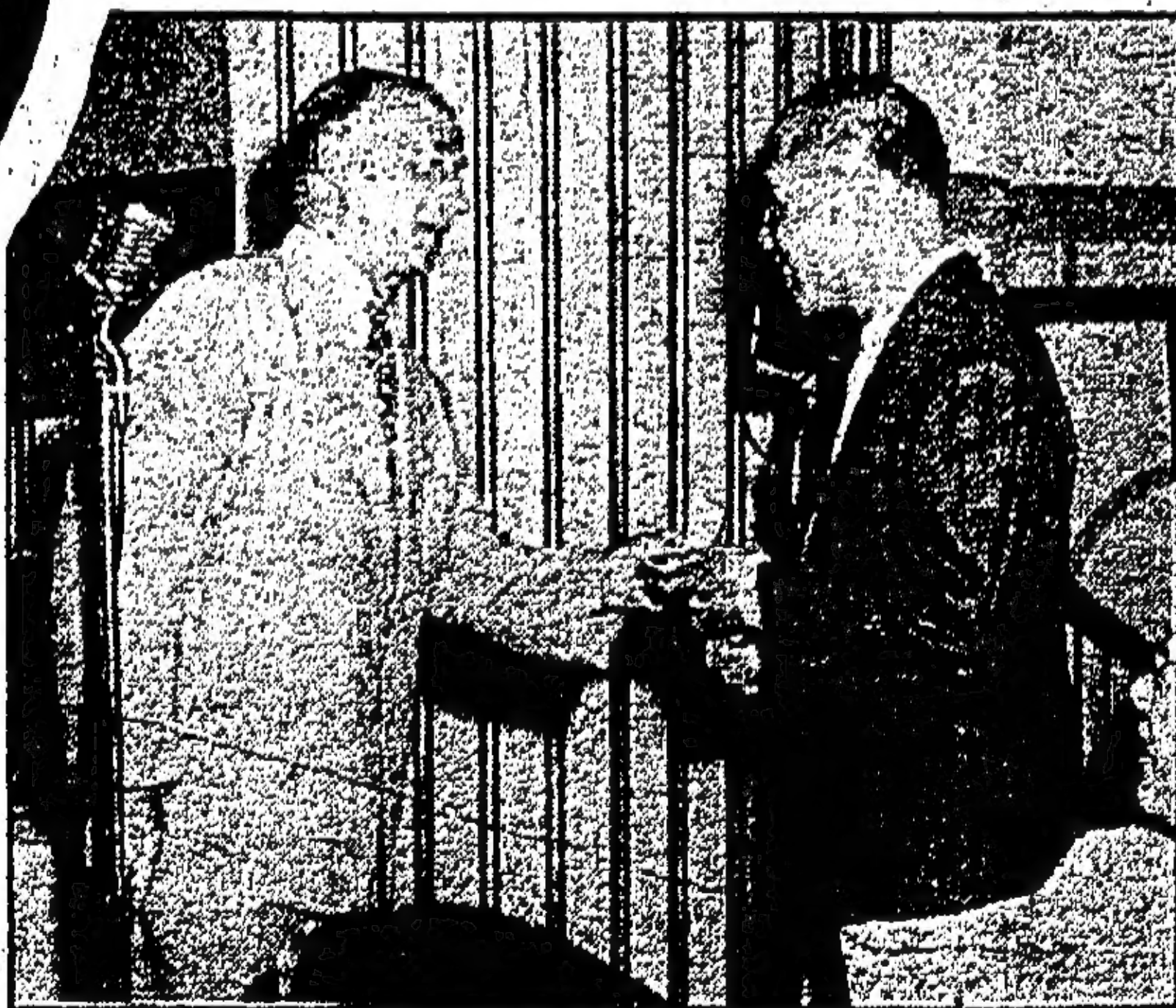
BELOW: Visitors to King George V School during its "open day" seeing the children at work in the classroom. (Staff Photographer)



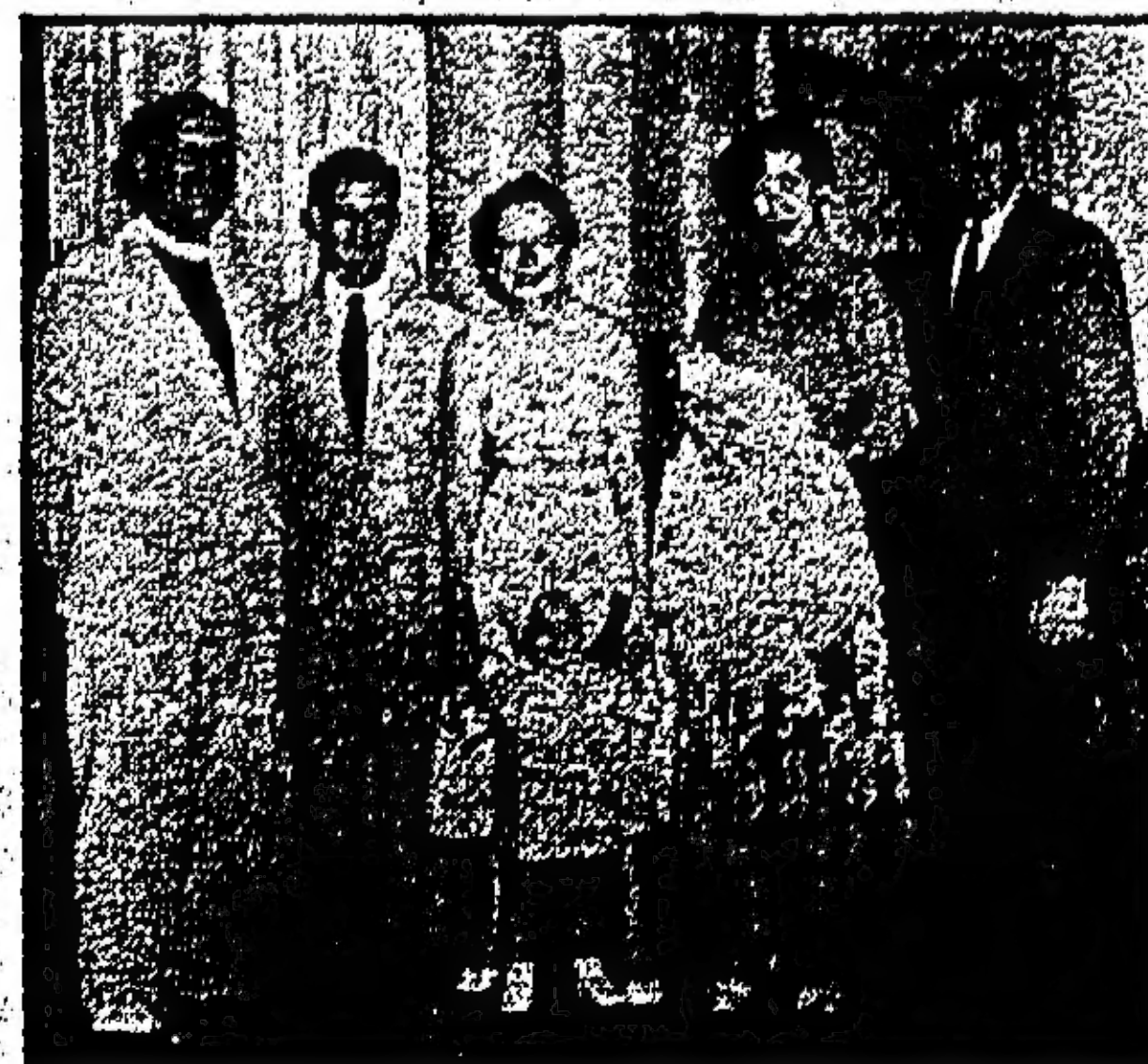
FINALISTS in the "Junior Mr Hongkong" contest held at the Pui Ching Middle School last Saturday. Left to right: F. X. Sequeira, Wong Chuen-kwong (title winner) and Chan Shu-kui. On left: Wong Chuen-kwong receives the trophy from Mr. A. L. Silva. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: At the dinner given by the Hongkong Football Association last week for sports writers and referees, medals were presented to referees by the Vice-President, Mr J. McKelvie, who is seen with Mr Y. S. Cheung. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Dr Guido Relli, Consul-General for Italy (centre), greeting Lt-Col O'Wighton D. Simpson at the cocktail party celebrating Italian National Day. (Staff Photographer)



CHRISTENING at St. Joseph's Church on Wednesday of Marycke Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs L. Rolis. (Ming Yuen)



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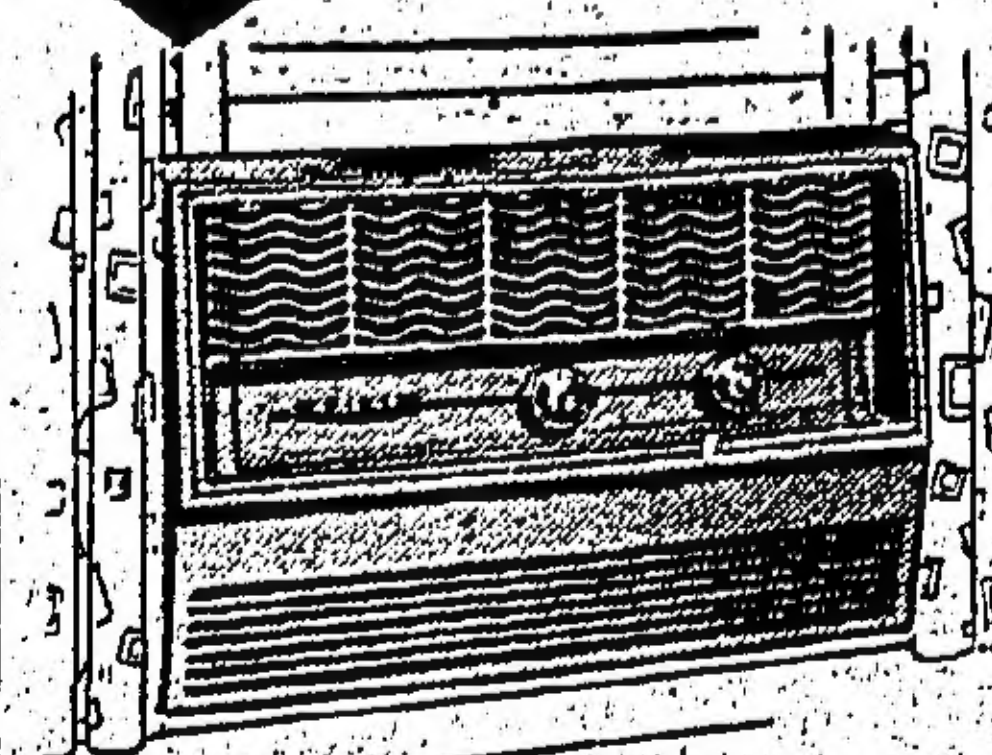
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MR Francis J. Chen, President of the Hongkong Junior Chamber of Commerce, is seated between Mr Richard G. Matheson, Joyce Regional Vice-President for North America, and Mr E. LaMar Buckner, National President of U.S. Junior Chambers of Commerce, at a dinner held in the visitors' honour at Winner House. Right: Mr Buckner handing a cheque for "Operation Brotherhood" (aid to Vietnam refugees) to Mr A. de O. Sales, Regional Vice-President for Asia. (Staff Photographer)



ROUNDING a bend in one of the events at last Sunday's open cycling meeting organised by the South China Athletic Association. Right: One of the many spectacular feats of trick riding demonstrated by some of the contestants. (Staff Photographer)



BELOW: Gathering at the christening of Judith Anne, infant daughter of Mr and Mrs Thomas Styles, at St Andrew's Church last Sunday. (Mainland)



RIGHT: Mr T. S. Pugh, Managing Director of the Hongkong Telephone Co., Ltd., making a presentation to Mrs C. M. Sequeira, who has retired from the company after 52 years' service. The party was held at the Blue Heaven Restaurant. (Staff Photographer)

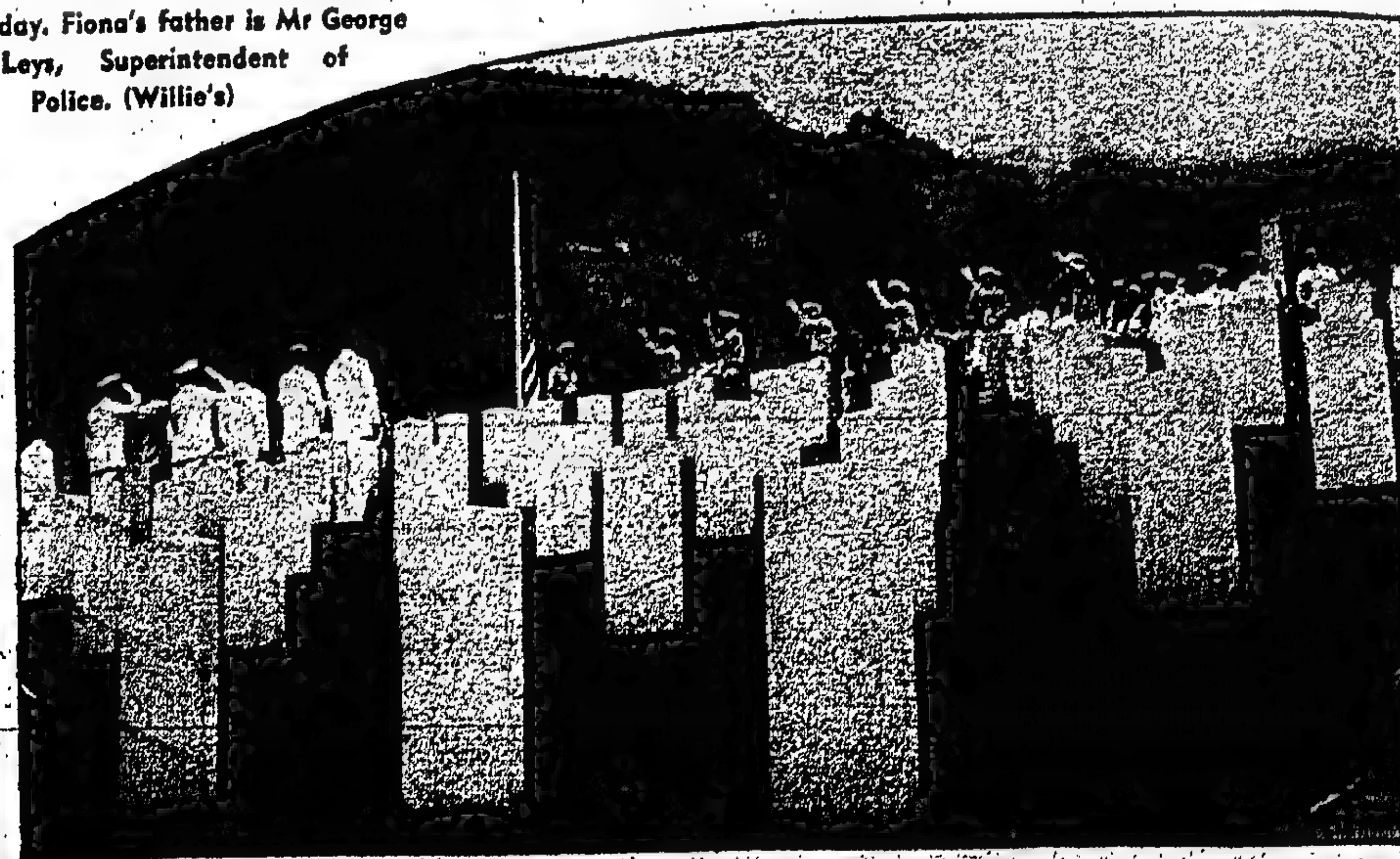


LITTLE Rocky Chan, who was entered in the gnat-weight division at the Athletic Boxing Club championships last Saturday, receiving a cup from Mr H. G. Richards. (Staff Photographer)



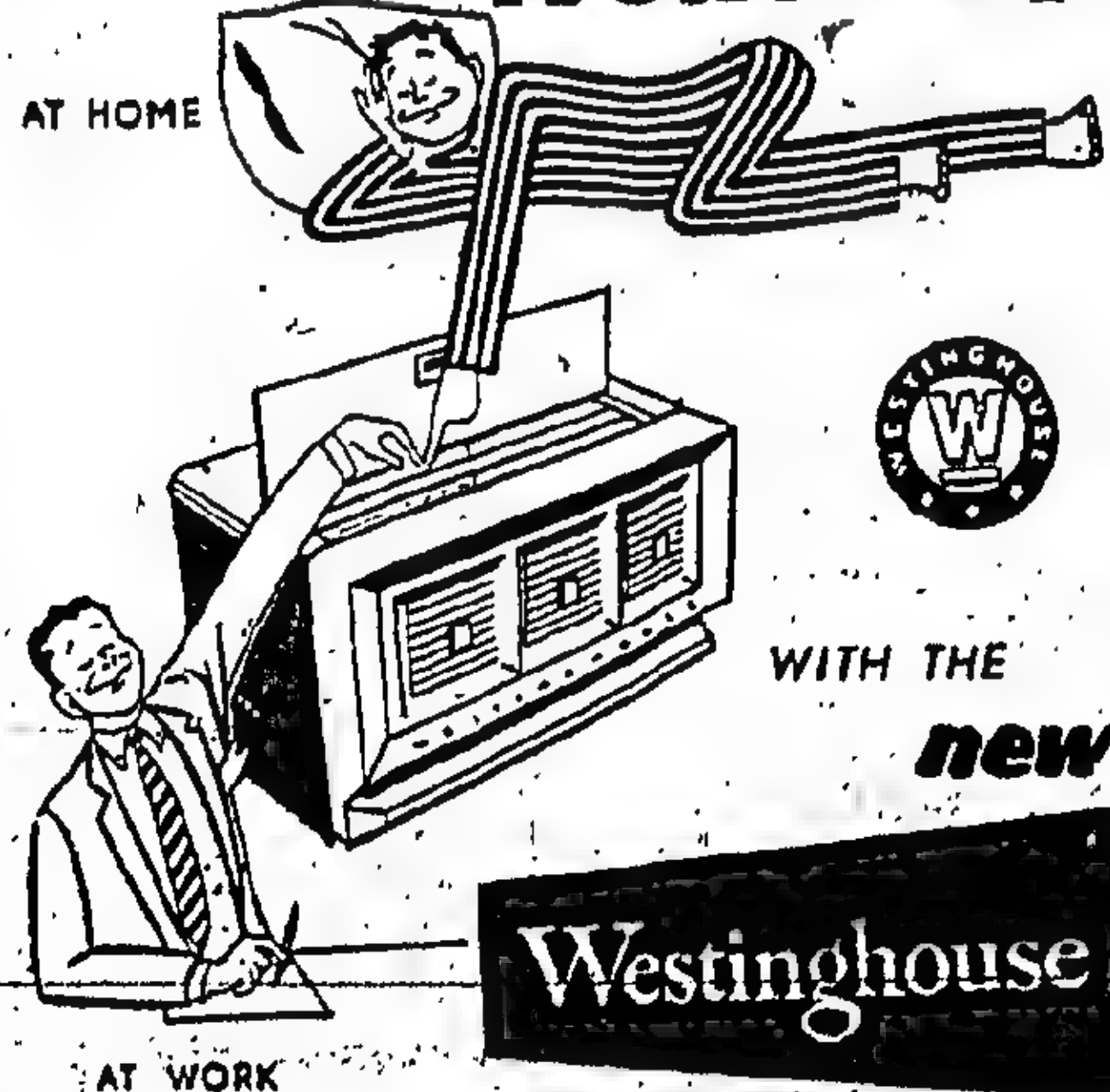
PICTURE taken after Confirmation by the Bishop of Hongkong at Christ Church, Kowloon Tong, last Sunday. (Staff Photographer)

FIONA LEYS and her friends who attended the party she gave to celebrate her seventh birthday. Fiona's father is Mr George Leys, Superintendent of Police. (Willie's)



A guard of honour from the 13th U.S. Air Force based at Clark Field, Philippines, firing a salute during the service held at Saiwan Military Cemetery on U.S. Memorial Day. The service was attended by a large number of American citizens. (Staff Photographer)

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# PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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RESULT OF A 20-YEAR STUDY

## The Accident Habit

By W. W. BAUER, M.D.

A 20-YEAR study of over 35,000 accidents is reported by Dr. M. S. Schulzinger in the American Medical Association Archives of Industrial Hygiene and Occupational Medicine. His conclusions, briefly reported here, make an interesting approach to the accident problem and the habit of having accidents.

### General Pattern

Doctor Schulzinger summarizes thus: Accidents are "an affliction of youth," with 50 percent occurring before the age of 25 and the peak year 21. Most occur in the summer months; fewest in February. Under the age of 15, most accidents occur at about 5 p.m. from 15 to 40 years, 11 p.m.; in industry, between the hours of 10 a.m. and 3 p.m. Maladjusted and irrespon-

sible people have greater liability to accident. Men have more accidents than women. Repeated accidents to the same individual are most frequent between the ages of five and nine years.

True "accident proneness" is not common; most accidents are "infrequent solitary experiences of large numbers of individuals." All accidents conform to a pattern—the "accident syndrome." There is a practically fixed annual pattern ranging from the lowest number of accidents in February to the highest in June and August; this pattern is most nearly perfect in children under 15, who also have the widest variation in accident frequency between their high point and low (summer to winter).

Non-industrial accidents follow a heavy pattern of frequency starting with a low at 5 a.m. and increasing steadily to a high at 5 p.m. Girls have fewest accidents at age 13; boys at 11; the highest number of accidents occur beginning at 17 and going on through 28. Males in industry have twice as many accidents as females; repeated accidents are

extremely rare in females. The "accident prone" are a shifting group, with new persons constantly added, while others drop out.

All persons are subject to universal risks—natural forces (wind, snow, heat, ice, plants, animals, waves, gravity), likelihood of accident increases when there are abnormal environmental conditions. The man-made hazards (vehicles, fire, electricity, machinery, toxic substances) are often related to occupation. The risk is still more enhanced when the individual is of an irresponsible or badly adjusted temperament—flighty, quick to anger, absentminded, careless, arrogant, delinquent. Then may occur the "trigger" incident, which sets off the accident—a wet pavement, a driver doing the wrong thing, a loss of balance, a rash decision, whatever can precipitate the mishap.

### Human Judgment

Human behaviour in the presence of the trigger determines the character of the accident; skillful or unskillful driving, etc. The element of chance is discounted. Many if not most apparently chance accidents are traceable to some perhaps remote failure in human judgment of action. Safety engineering has gone a long way but cannot do the whole job. The human personality is the important factor in the equation.

Space permits citing but a few additional accident facts which have come out of this study: Accidents often occur in chain fashion, as if one set off the others; they are more likely to occur when there is stress or strain (injury, violence, family troubles, loss of parents, over-enthusiasm, etc.); 40 percent of persons with repeated accidents worked in occupations poorly suited to their emotional personality; in maladjusted families repeated accidents reach a high point as early as five to nine years; the tendency to have accidents usually passes with aging; some factors which tend to increase accidents are: aggressiveness, anxiety, boredom, discontent, excitement, frustration, grief, guilt, hostility, fear, indecision, inconsiderateness, obsessions, preoccupation, rashness...

"An accident is almost certain to occur in a young man, aged 21, having a maladjusted background, driving at high speed under emotional strain on a congested highway during a holiday on a hot and humid summer day."

Man, you said it!

## For The Growing Family



A STREAMLINED RANCH STYLE, the Jackson is especially well suited to a suburban site. Projecting wing, at right, looks like part of the house, but is actually a 2-car garage. The entrance is sheltered, and the many windows are dressed up attractively with shutters.

By Joan O'Sullivan

THIS simple little ranch window on the adjacent house would be at home wall. Next to it, a separate dining room overlooks the rear grounds, with access to a flagstone terrace.

Ideally designed for the growing family, the Jackson has three bedrooms. Two more can be added, as needed, in the expansion attic. As an alternate plan, the attic, with the addition of a kitchenette, could be converted into a two-room studio apartment and rental.

Actually, the Jackson is well-planned for two families. Both would share a common entrance foyer, but, from there on, each apartment is separate, giving the occupants complete privacy.

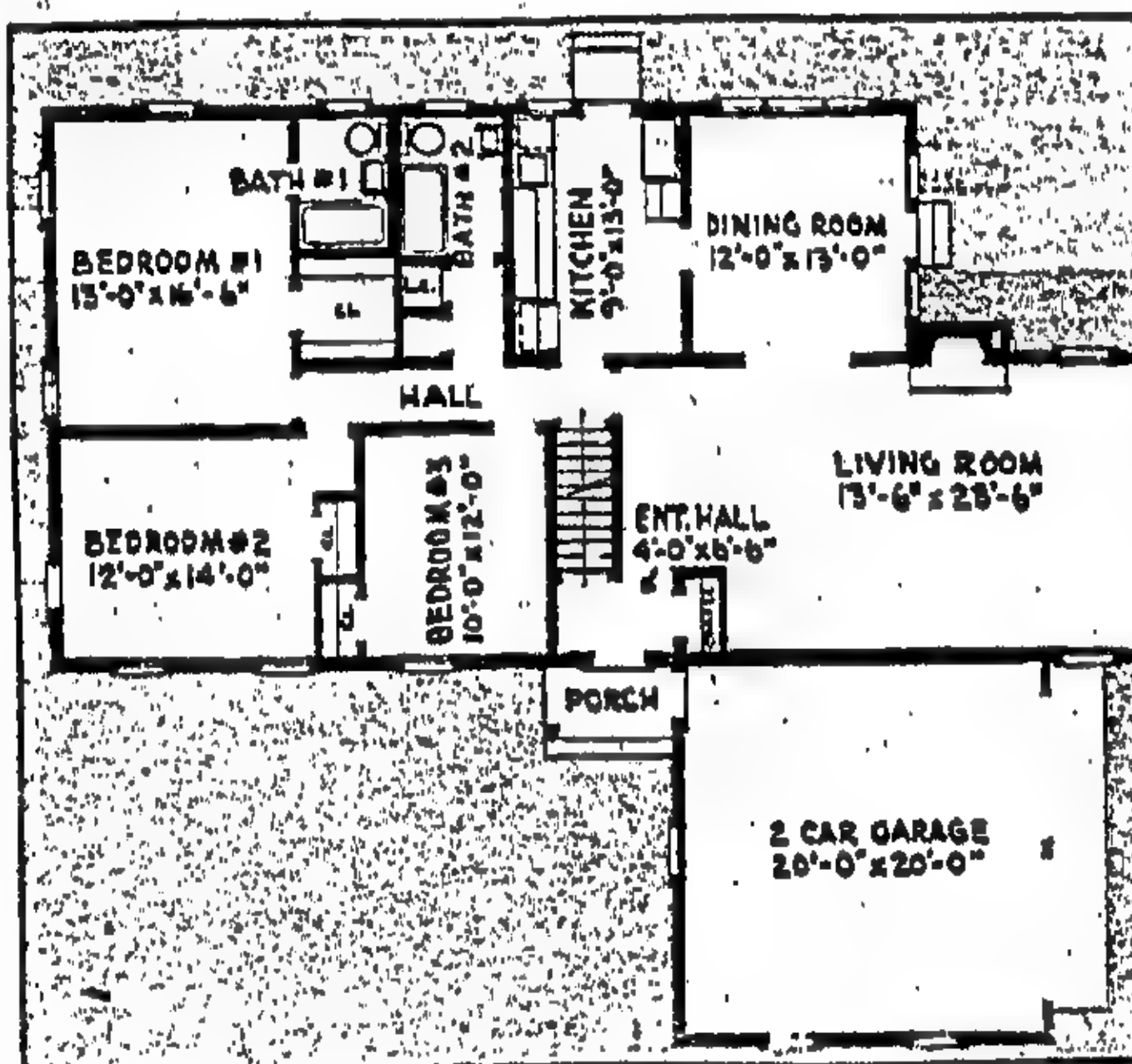
The ground floor has a huge living room, with an interesting brick fireplace along one wall and a picture

The kitchen, small but efficient, has appliances arranged, corridor style, along opposite walls. Here, too, there's an entrance to the back yard.

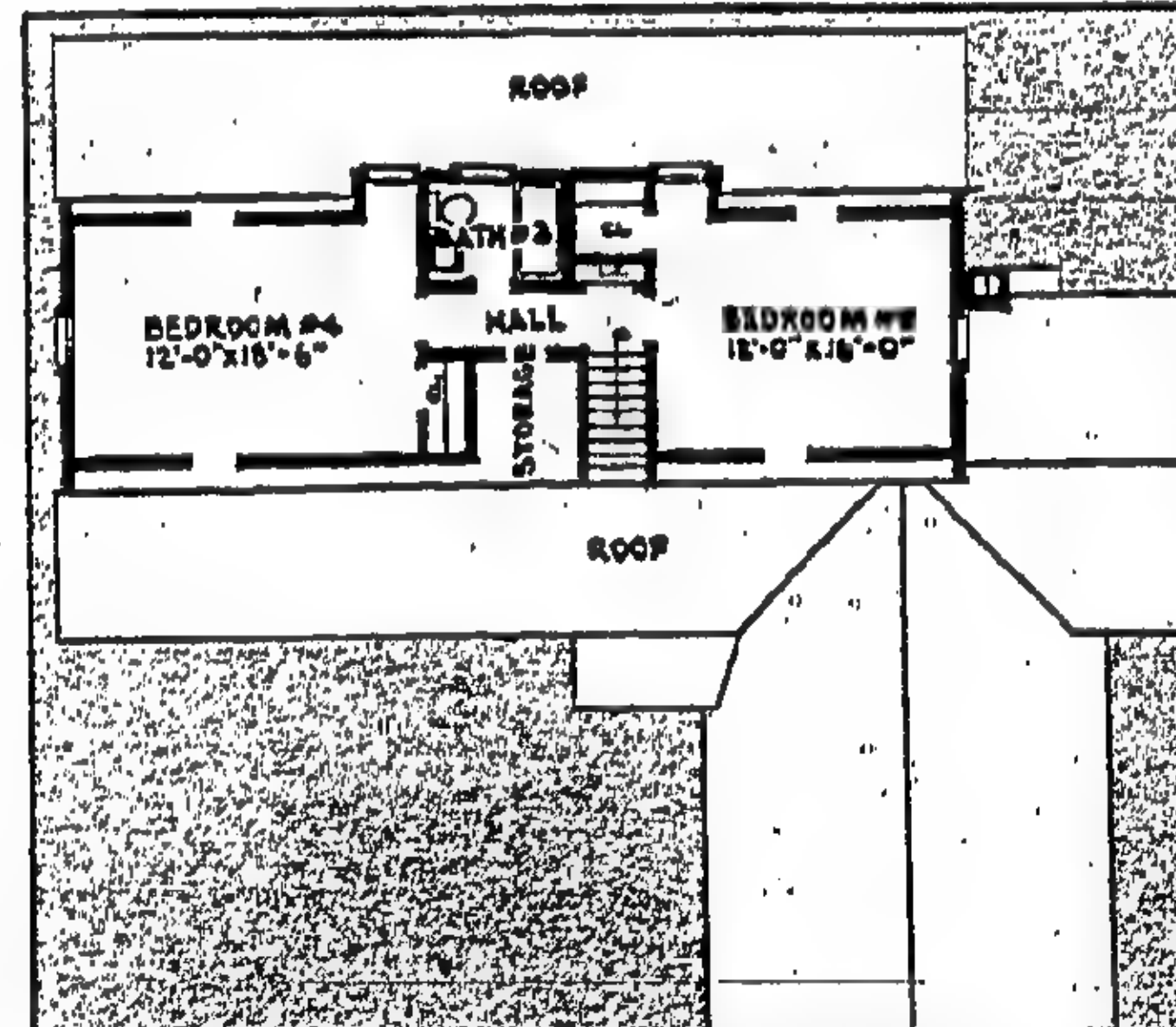
Sleeping quarters are well-proportioned and amply closeted. The master bedroom, in the back corner of the floor plan, is equipped with a full private bath that includes a combination tub and shower.

The first floor, as sketched here, contains two bedrooms, a bath and a huge storage closet. In addition, each of the bedrooms has a good-sized closet.

The ground floor plan of the house comprises 1,670 square feet.



A SPACIOUS LIVING ROOM, a separate dining room and a kitchen, plus three bedrooms, make up the ground floor plan of the house.



UPSTAIRS CAN BE TURNED into a separate apartment or, as is shown above, may be used for two additional bedrooms and a bath.

DR HERMAN N. BUNDESEN FAVOURS

## THE NATURAL WAY TO SOLVE THE FEEDING PROBLEM

MOST of you, expectant mothers, I know, will want to nurse your babies. But before your infant is born, you'll undoubtedly hear neighbours and well-meaning friends tell you how much easier it is to bottle-feed a baby. Don't listen to them. If you can, and not all mothers can, nurse your baby. Nature intended a baby to be nursed at his mother's breast. In addition to being natural, it is the easiest and most inexpensive way to feed a baby. More important, it's the best way.

**More Iron**  
As for work, why, you won't have to worry about making a feeding mixture or sterilising bottles, nipples and other utensils. Breast milk contains the right amount of the food elements your baby needs. And one of nature's ways of helping it is easy for him to digest because it forms small, nicely sized and bring the mother's body divided into his stomach.

Breast milk is always ready to use. It is fresh, clean, warm and germ-free. It contains more iron than cow's milk. And this iron is absorbed and used four or five times better than the iron in cow's milk.

**Advantages**  
Many doctors believe that a breast-fed baby has less chance of becoming ill and a much better chance of recovering if he does become ill. Severe diarrhoea, for instance, seldom occurs in a baby who is breast-fed. Another argument in favour of breast-feeding is that it forms a closer bond between a mother and her baby. By holding and fondling her baby, a mother satisfies his innate need for love and affection.

Contrary to the belief of many, breast-feeding will not cause a mother's breasts to become flabby. Neither will it cause have to worry about making a feeding mixture or sterilising bottles, nipples and other utensils. Breast milk contains the right amount of the food elements your baby needs. And one of nature's ways of helping it is easy for him to digest because it forms small, nicely sized and bring the mother's body divided into his stomach.

## Clever Table Settings Displayed In Furnishing Shows

By Eleanor Ross

THE spotlight is on the home as American manufacturers set forth enticing displays in furniture and accessories. Irish linen plays a stellar role in one exhibit, built around table settings, not the fabulous, impossible-to-copy creations, but ideas that are right for the home.

### FINE BASE

Despite all the talk about its obsolescence, the fine white damask cloth is very much at home on many a dining table, the ideal setting for a formal dinner. In the setting, the cloth made a fine base for sophisticated black and white setting, the one that seemed to be the most admired by the young

moderms at the party. The service plates were white, as was the stemware, contrast being provided by smaller black plates placed on the service plates. White freesia in black containers formed the centerpiece.

A pretty summer setting was done on a table of white aluminium, that cleverly simulates bamboo. The table was set with place mats of brown and white in a jacquard tweed pattern. On the mats were white leaf-shaped plates. Tiny cauliflower heads in opaline glass made charming little salad bowls. China was blue and white. Another nice arrangement used a scooped-

out water-melon as a container for bright yellow carnations.

This centerpiece was placed on a bright green linen cloth, with china, glass and organdie napkins all in white, a charming summer table setting. Another pretty setting was built around the sea shell motif of embroidered white linen mats, with pink and white china and a charming centerpiece consisting of a tiny tree of fragrant flowers with sea shells filled with carnations grouped around its base.

### SPANISH MOTIF

Colour is also the theme of another show, this one of furniture and settings with a Spanish motif. The colours are exquisite, they just sing of Spain. Vivid reds, rich pinks, intense greens, bright yellows, and deep turquoises contribute to this lovely colour range. In contrast to the light look in much of today's furniture, these pieces are solid, but for all that, not heavy. Carving does much to add to the bulkiness, the carving deeply gouged out of the mahogany and giving the impression that the wood is even more solid and deeper than it really is. But the pieces are lightened by the use of colour such as a table finished in red or green or gold and ivory.

The fabrics and the wall-papers are just dancing with colour and rich beauty. We were charmed with a wallpaper design consisting of a series of brilliant posters based on the Goya sketches of this sort. The pride of Granada, the lovely Alhambra, furnished the inspiration for a printed cotton that used the twelve-sided tiles and the grillwork of the building as its motifs.

## ABOUT THE SCHOOLBOY DREAMER

By GARRY CLEVELAND MYERS, Ph.D.

THE other evening I read from one of Somerset Maugham's stories that while at a concert, he might not hear the music at all, but he absorbed in a story growing in his mind. Many a child or youth at school is not different from Maugham, except in the object of his daydreaming. He may be concentrating very strongly, only not on the matter at hand. For Somerset Maugham, the specific type of daydreaming he named bore rich fruit. It

rarely does so for the wool-gathering pupil or student. One mother writes: "We have a son who is in the first grade before he entered school. We noticed that he concentrated hard at a task that was interesting to him. He was so interested that he wouldn't hear me call him or talk to him. We had his hearing checked by a specialist so we knew he wasn't deaf."

"Now in school, when writing names, numbers or drawing, he just doesn't seem to be paying attention to the teacher. His teacher said he dawdles some but that he seems to be in deep concentration. Can you inform me how to teach him not to concentrate so hard? Incidentally, his father is a reading and not hear me ask him a question. Here is about the way I wrote this mother: 'I don't think you really wish your son or husband would concentrate less. You just wish that both of them might be more ready to concentrate on what you say to either of them at home or the teacher says to your son at school. At home it might be a good plan to approach the "concentrator," speak his name or even touch him,

getting his attention before asking a question or speaking further to him. When you request or command this boy to do something at home, be sure to get his whole attention first. Sometimes you should have him repeat aloud the request or command before carrying it out. By reading much to this boy you might cultivate in him the habit of profitable listening at school. Anything you can do at home to train this lad in paying attention, should help him at school. Unless your son is going to be a Somerset Maugham, he will lose a great deal if he does not learn to concentrate on the matter at hand.



By LESLEY BLANCH.

## EXPLOITATION

**DR. GALAHAD**

## TENSION MOUNTS

into a mental hospital some time during their lives."

It is said that in New York there is one doctor to every 200 persons.

Their offices are mostly at street level, their name-plates and qualifications a constant reminder that in the midst of life we are in death.

Imagine the effect of this on foreigners, invited to a party, let us say, on the 27th door. They must first run the gauntlet of all the professional name-plates in the entrance hall. Doctors, dentists, masseuses, electro-therapists X-ray specialists, chiropractors.

They ascend in a lift along with several preoccupied-looking patients, pass doors after doors, which either reveal a whiff of cold white cup and apron, or leave an unmistakable whiff of ether to combat the perfume of the other party-goers.

To Europeans, all this is dampening to the morale. But to the Americans it is infinitely reassuring.

They have responded to treatment: they are nicely contented. It is true that now and then there din doctors where there are finer patients, either?



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# DIVIDED BERLIN— TEN YEARS AFTER

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1. The first step in the process is to identify the problem or issue that needs to be addressed. This involves gathering information and understanding the context of the problem.



POCKET CARTOON  
by OSBERT LANCASTER

"Darling, I'm most terribly sorry, but what I thought was a star turns out to be just a fly."

# BAD? BRILLIANT? BAFFLING? STILL, THEY ARE GIVING MR HUXLEY A NEW AUDIENCE

By Robert Pitman

IN a sleepy mountain community six thousand feet above California's Mojave Desert stands a white bungalow with shutters drawn. It is empty. But night-seers are still peering at it through surrounding pines. "Yes,

that's his place," the locals tell them. And when the visitors drive off down to the dusty plain they check another home of distinction off their list—the home of Mr Aldous Huxley, novelist, poet, cynic, mystic, script-writer.

In New York the price quoted for Huxley's autograph is \$4 10s.—more than for Einstein's, a little less than for the Queen's. Meanwhile in Britain a new honour has been accorded him. Seven of his novels and three other works have been reprinted in a special Penguin edition.

It is a bold move, for in his native country Aldous Huxley is no household name. In many minds he is confused with his brains-trusting elder brother, Dr Julian.

Both are joint heirs to a heritage of pure brains. Their father was a leading literary editor. And in the 19th century their grandfather, T.H. Huxley, was a giant—some would say an ogre.

It was he, rather than Darwin himself, who bludgeoned the bishops with Darwin's theory about apes and man.

At home young Aldous was reared on an intellectual soup which made the stuff he tasted in terms of Eric and Balliol seem like thin gruel.

IN THE TWENTIES it seemed that Aldous had inherited his grandfather's bludgeon. Everywhere staid critics wrote him off as brilliant but bad. They found that his first novel, the genial *Chronicle* (1921) "revealed a matter to which decent-minded folk do not refer."

And hands were raised in horror at *Gumbril*, hero of *Antic Hay* (1923): for *Gumbril*—like Huxley an ex-schoolmaster—poses as a superman; donning a fine false beard he frequents the National Gallery in search of "Old Masters; young mistresses"—and finds them.

Worse still, Huxley was seen too frequently in the company of D. H. Lawrence.

But, if anything, Huxley was felt to be the bestial of the two. For, unlike Lawrence, he was so scientific. Huxley would have been as much interested in Lady Chatterley's liver as in her lover.

THE THIRTIES found Huxley not so much bad as baffling. And especially baffling was his *Brave New World* (1932).

It was a futuristic novel—today let's call it science fiction. It looked forward to a century when children are produced in bottles; when the words "father" and "mother" are taboo as religion, and people swear "By Ford!"

One scene from *Brave New World* made a sharp impression. A cluster of babies is let loose on the nursery floor.

Books are set up, temptingly bright and colourful. The babies crawl to the books, they finger them eagerly. Almost immediately a jangle of bells dings at their ears; electric shocks tingle through the floor.

Howling the children recoil from the books. They are destined to be workers, they have been conditioned for life against the perils of the printed word.

The reaction to *Brave New World* was ironical. Some readers imagined the life was Huxley's notion of Utopia.

Others were annoyed at him turning—puritan—even if a puritan who obviously got such fun from describing the things which disgusted him.

With *Eyeless in Gaza* (1938) this rapid disgust ebbed still more.

There were also spreading symptoms of a new Huxley—a pacifist, mystic Huxley. By 1939 he was lecturing to Indians on religion. And by the war he had settled in California.

Here, between musings on the blessings of the spirit and the grossness of the flesh, Huxley found time to earn high fees in Hollywood.

HIS SCRIPT

His was the script of *Pride and Prejudice* (with Oliver and Grace Garson), although Jane Austen had some share in the plot.

When Orson Welles, as Rochester, growled his way through Jane Eyre the words were Huxley's.

Here with his Belgian wife (she died this February) Huxley enjoyed the company of Chaplin, Garbo, Ronald Colman, Groucho Marx.

Now he is touring America, visiting other friends and correcting the proofs of his latest sort novel *THE GENIUS AND THE GODDESS* ("moving and dramatic" say his publishers).

Will Aldous Huxley stand the test of the years? At \$4 10s. is his scrawled signature a safe investment? The common reader can now judge.

## REST OF THE NEW BOOKS

MOONRAKER. By Ian Fleming. Cape, 10s. 6d. 256 pages. James Bond, modern-style secret agent (Number 007) and man about Mayfair, hears the red telephone say "M wants you." It is the preface to a fresh tale (the third) of horrid adventure for smooth, dangerous Bond.

SARAH DANE. By Catherine Gaslin. Collins, 12s. 6d. 448 pages. Romantic—and most readable—story of Australia in the early days of colonisation. A big book with a sustained dramatic power.

THE VERDICT OF YOU ALL. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. Secker & Warburg, 15s. 254 pages. The verdict is guilty (of a homosexual offence), the sentence was nine months, mostly spent in Wormwood Scrubs. The outcome? A book of bitter insight into prison life and angry comment on social "intolerance."

COROMANDEL. By John Masters. Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d. 319 pages. Robustly coloured, tropically passionate novel of Indian adventure. Period: seventeenth century. The hero (not called Jason) Savage (for nothing) leaves quiet Wilshire to roister through the glamorous, dangerous East.

THE PICNIC AT SAKKARA. By P. H. Newby. Cape, 12s. 6d. 289 pages. A first-class light novel. Comic mishaps of an English lecturer at Cairo University among Egyptian students of the most highly unpredictable and engaging rascality. — London Express Service.

# PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

RICH BUT SCARED The Chinese villagers of Pulau Tikus (Rat Island), three miles from Penang, are 260,000 richer—and scared, too. They say the "Galloping Ghost" gave them the tip which brought in the money. And it wants a human life as payment.

Villagers say the spirit, a "mounted monster," told five men to put their money on number 1018 in a lottery based on the Singapore Turf Club's cash sweep. The ghost then named the price—the sacrifice of a baby.

The men protested. In the first place, they said, it was against the law, and in the second place, babies were hard to come by. The ghost agreed to accept a human heart.

The villagers streamed to bookmakers to lay bets. When 1018 came up as the last four digits of the winning Singapore ticket they stood to win £360 for every half crown staked.

The village was in a festive mood as punters collected winnings. But now everyone is wondering what will happen when the ghost turns up to collect payment.

HUSBAND WORSHIP Married life in Lucknow is back to normal again. After a very black week for the women. For it was the week of Hindu husband-worship.

First, just as a precautionary measure, tribute was paid to Gauri, Jesus spouse of the God "Shiva." And then, chanting sacred Hindu vedas, the procession of wives—and husbands—moved on to the real business of temporarily boosting the male ego.

In a sacred pavilion, the Lucknow wives made floral offerings to their husbands, and reverently washed their feet.

And then drank the water used for the ceremony. Prostrating themselves before their lords and masters, they chanted:

"You are Brahma, the creator. You are Vishnu, the preserver. You are Maheshwar, the destroyer; you are God. If I have committed any mistake, my husband, forgive me."

Why all this fuss? The holy man who initiated the ritual thought that half the world's ills came from wives who had too little respect for their husbands.

PETTICOAT RULE Down in the village of Bishop's Itchington, Warwickshire (pop. 890) there is no mistaking who has control of affairs—the women.

There has been petticoat rule in this village for the last six years. In the recent Parish Council elections, six women and one man were returned after a record poll. The one male member of the original petticoat council, Mr Fred Marlow, was replaced by Mr Frank Moore.

The six elected women, all of whom are grandmothers, are: Mesdames Heginbotham, Smith, Robbins, Jenkins, Fain and Chapple-Hyam.

FINANCIAL A 74-year-old woman has helped the mayor of the London suburb of Wembley solve a weighty financial problem. When Mayor Arthur Edmond announced that he had 3,000 worthless foreign coins for sale, Miss Agnes Borrowman rang him up and made him an offer of £20 for them.

He accepted, and she plans to use them to make a child's mail costume for someone going to the next Chelsea Arts Bazaar. Any left-over coins she will make into knick-knacks and bracelets.

TRYST WITH A MIKE On a night last week a heavily veiled young woman stepped out of a taxi in an Aden side street and tiptoed into a darkened empty office block to keep a secret tryst—with a microphone.

In doing so 20-year-old Meriam Aly—the name by which she wishes to be known, but not her real one—was etching an important page in the history of that British colony.

For Meriam is the very first Aden Arab woman ever to broadcast.

"How did it feel?" someone asked her when her 15-minute talk, initiating Aden Radio's women's hour, had been recorded on tape.

From behind the heavy folds of her purdah veil she said: "I liked it. But I am terrified."

It wasn't "mike fright" that was worrying Meriam. But what could happen to her if her father or any of her friends found out who the mysterious "Meriam Aly" is.

Before Meriam's broadcast Aden Radio had no single programme binned to the women. Now there's sure to be a lot of muttering in the bazaars.

And every father will be closely questioning his daughters, and every husband his wife, or wives.

TUMBLING RESIDENTS OF Selsdon, in Nottinghamshire, lake their saws to bed with them at night, in case they have to cut their way out in the morning.

Strange things are happening in "Tumbledown Terrace," the name which 15 families have given to their brick cottages in the suburb of Poplar Terrace.

Doors suddenly lean at crazy angles, floors tilt and residents are reluctant to turn their radios on for fear of falling plaster.

There seems to be no explanation for the occurrences.

PIGEON BLUE-blooded racing pigeons are being encouraged away from their modest lofts by freedom-loving wild pigeons which haunt the ancient towers of Colchester Castle.

And it's getting local pigeon-fanciers so worried that they've asked the council to trap the castle pigeons and take them somewhere else.

The castle pigeons are believed to be "blitz" refugees from London's Trafalgar Square, who now prefer the simple life of Colchester to the noises and tough competition of the capital.

And there (say the fanciers) they perch on the castle walls, and when an attractive-looking racing pigeon comes by they give what passes for a pigeon wide-whistle and entice the racing pigeons to share their life of idleness, plenty of food and a good home.

Complained one fancier: "Some of the racing pigeons just can't resist it—but when they cost as much as £100 each, it's heartbreaking to see them go like this."

LADY WITH A TORCH Schoolteacher Cynthia Streeton of Ripley, England, triumphed through the jewellers' list, looking for a prize to present at the children's drama festival. She was organising. Then she spotted it: "Achievement—Lady with a Torch."

It seemed just the thing she was after, so she sent off an order for it.

The Lady With a Torch arrived in the mail. So Miss Streeton consulted a headmistress friend. And both agreed: "Definitely unsuitable for children."

So she asked the jewellers if they could maybe put some clothes on the lady. The statuette came back—this time with "a very brief, tightly stretched garment."

To Miss Streeton the lady looked somehow more undressed than before.

So the Lady With a Torch went back to the jewellers. Schoolteacher Streeton had decided the safest thing was a old-fashioned plain silver cup.

CARRYING It has to be a pretty special event to keep regular customers away from the Black Horse pub in Cufford, South-east London suburb. Last week 30 of them went through fire and water to get their regular pint.

As they drank the swanky little bar 33 tappers were fighting a blaze in the upper room. The customers just went on drinking.

A nursemaid rushed downstairs, bringing the pub-owner's children, in their nightclothes, to safety.

Later on, water from the firemen's hoses started pouring through the ceiling. The customers went on drinking for a while—until it got too wet. Then they went home.

DEATH SCENE The applause thundered as the curtain rang down on the "Death Scene" performed by an amateur theatre group in the little playhouse in Epinal, France.

For never had Epinal seen such a masterly performance of a young woman by Marie Vautier, 56-year-old embroiderer.

Even the other actors applauded her acting. But Marie Vautier did not take a bow. At precisely the moment she was to die in the play she fell dead of a heart attack.

DEAD DUCKS Police are using duck-shooting tactics to kill Communist bandits in Malaya's jungles. Chief police officer in Selangor, J. B. Masfield, said surrendered terrorists disguised as rubber tappers were being used to decoy bandits into the open.

They were sent to work as rubber tappers with other labourers. When bandits recognising them came to the jungle fringe asking for food their old-time comrades cut them down with bullets.

Said Masfield drily: "The plan is proving very successful."

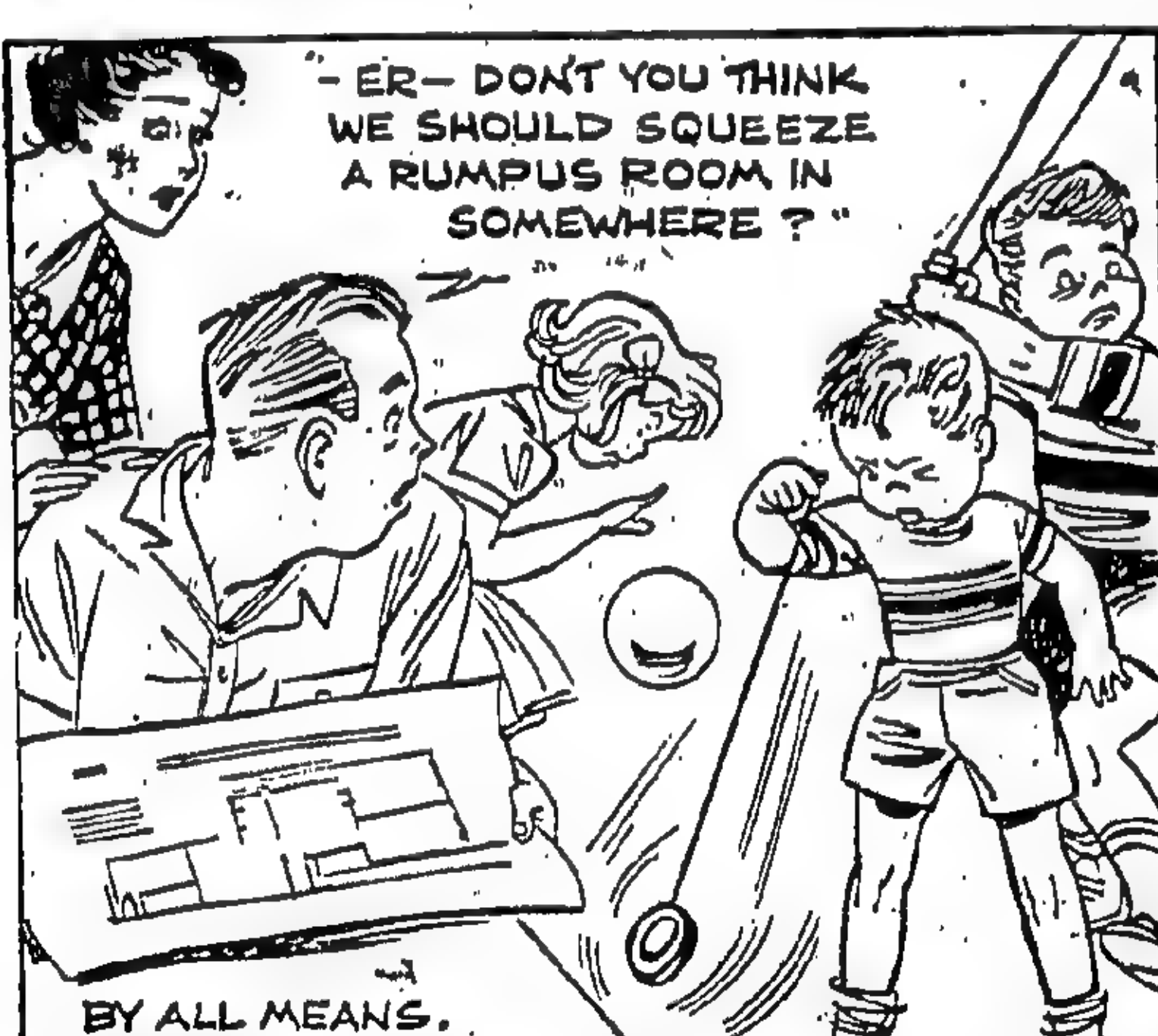
CHRISTIAN REVELATION Young Men's Christian Association last week took stock and found it wasn't such a Christian organisation as it had imagined. Among its members were 438 Christians, 95 Buddhists, 49 Hindus and 23 Moslems.

But what surprised officials most was 211—211—members claimed to have no religion at all.

## VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Help For Home Builders

BY HARRY WEINERT



"ER—DON'T YOU THINK WE SHOULD SQUEEZE A RUMPUS ROOM IN SOMEWHERE?"

BY ALL MEANS.



"A FIREPLACE / WHY A FIREPLACE? DON'T TELL ME YOU STILL BELIEVE IN SANTA CLAUS / AHA AHA"

DON'T FORGET—THOSE PICTURE WINDOWS WORK BOTH WAYS.

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FRIENDS WHO HAVE YOUR BEST INTERESTS AT HEART WILL STUDY THE PLANS AND LEAVE YOU WITH THE CONVICTION THAT YOU'RE FEEBLEMINDED



THE COMEDIAN WHO LOOKS OVER THE SITE AND THEN SAYS—"WHAT HAPPENED TO THE GOATS?"



THE RELATIVE WHO ONCE SAW THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA—AND THUS KNOWS WHAT SHE'S TALKING ABOUT—WILL REARRANGE THE WHOLE PLAN.



—AND THE LIVING ROOM WALLS—TWO IN CERULEAN PINK AND TWO IN CANARY SHOULD BE NICE.

DON'T ARGUE—YOU CAN ALWAYS WEAR DARK GLASSES.



WITH SOME PEOPLE DESIGNING A HOUSE IS EASY—YOU MIGHT SAY IT'S PRACTICALLY A GIFT.





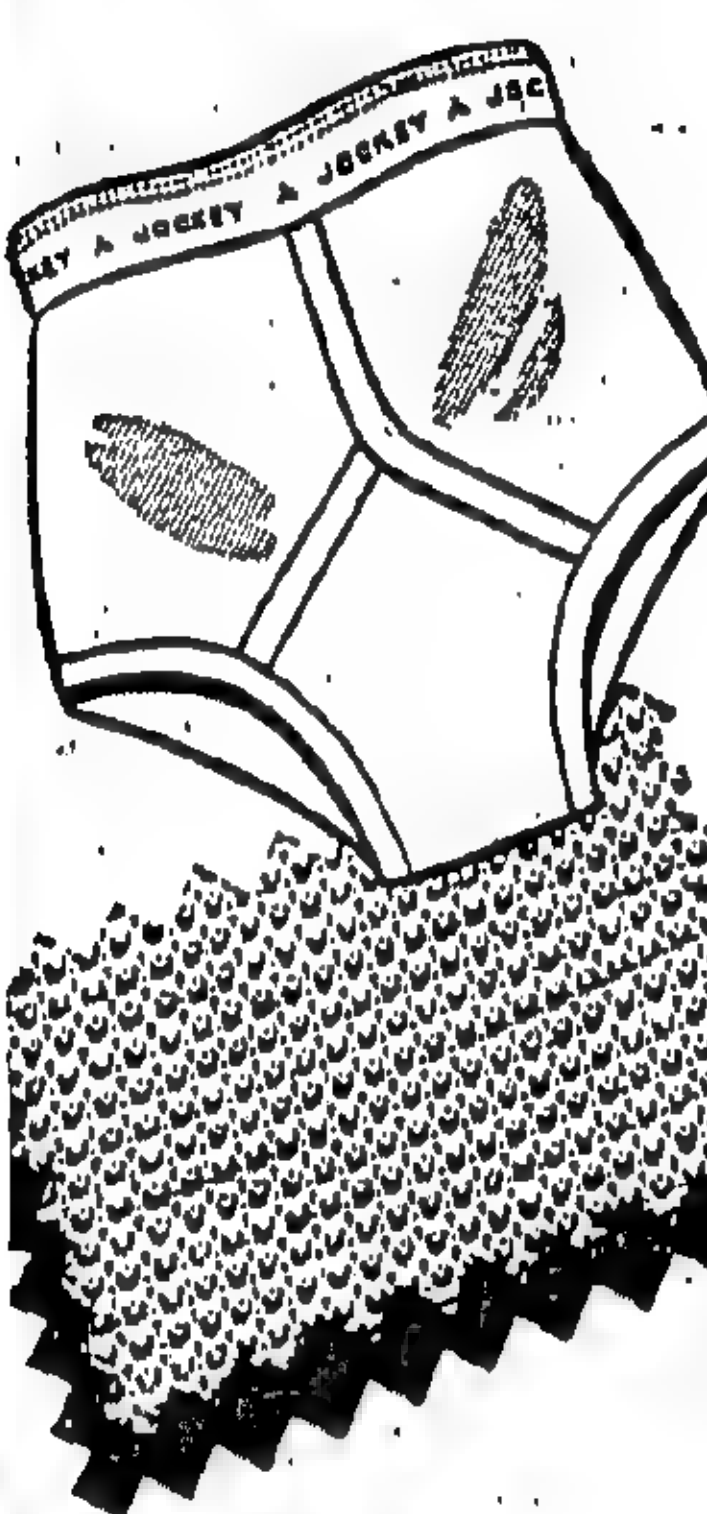


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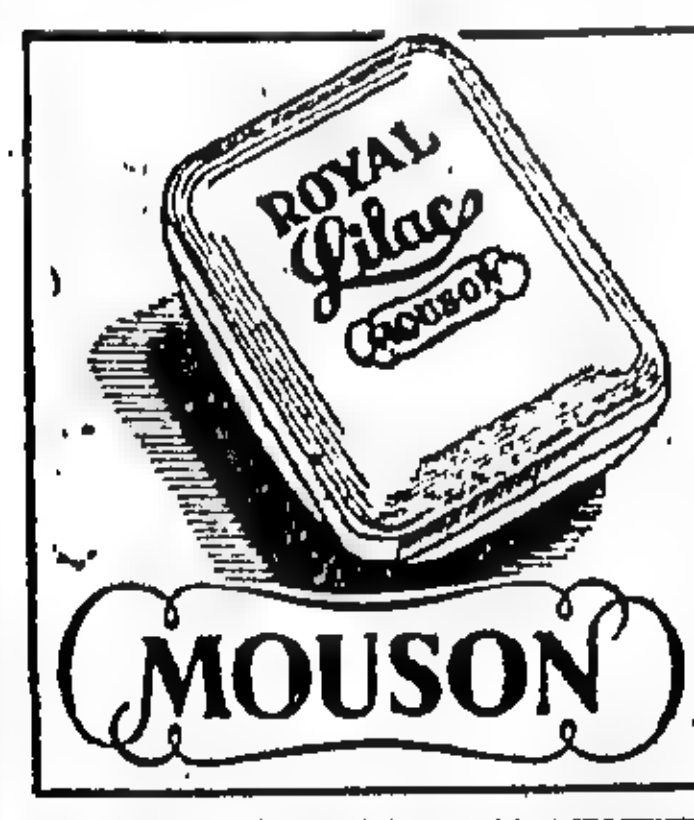


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## LEAGUE BOWLS

# TITLE-ASPIRING CLUBS FACE THEIR REAL TEST FROM TODAY ONWARDS

Says "TOUCHER"

The real test for title-aspiring clubs in the Colony Lawn Bowls League begins this afternoon as the season enters its second quarter with practically all top teams already recovering their bearings.

The First Division League this year will in all likelihood produce one of the keenest competitions in years. Up to the present stage no fewer than six of the nine competing teams are well in the running, all almost abreast of each other.

Optimism among the contenders has been further heightened by the two early defeats of the Champion Recreation Club who with 11 points from four matches are actually most unfavourably placed among the six top teams.

Although Kowloon Green Club is currently at the top of the League table with 14 points from four matches, Indian Recreation Club "Blues" are in the most commanding position with three successive wins and 11 points to their credit.

An additional feature of the First Division games so far has also been the keen struggle for "skips" honours.

Last year's Champion skip, W. Hong Sing, has so far chalked up only one win in three outings.

My remarks last Monday that A. M. Omar's win on Saturday earned for him and his rink the distinction of being the only unbeaten rink in the First Division has evoked a storm of protest from a few quarters.

Apologies are in order here. The skips' table for the leading skips appear at the end of these notes. It will be seen that in addition to Omar, two other skips, H. B. Dewar of Police Recreation Club and B. W. Bradbury of Craigengower

Cricket Club, also share that distinction.

Of the three unbeaten skips, only Dewar still holds a 100 per cent record with three wins in three matches.

As one correspondent pointed out, Dewar's achievement has been a noteworthy one in that his victories included those over such local giants as Jack McKelvie and Joe Landolt.

This afternoon's games will see at least four of the six top-contending teams clash against each other in two crucial battles for survival. A decisive defeat for any team may spell an end to all their hopes of staying in the race.

At Cox's Road, Kowloon Cricket Club will take on this season's "outside" hope, Police Recreation Club. The Kowloonites have the advantage of green, but with Dewar fighting hard to keep his unbeaten record, everything points to an extremely close fight.

The Cricket Club bowlers have made only one change to their last week's team which went down to IRC "Blues" by 3-2. D. B. Sequeira comes in as replacement of John Tang, giving the rink a slight improvement.

Much will depend on the draw, but I have a feeling that both Ken Bodie's and H. B. Dewar's rinks are good enough to carry the Police Club to a good 4-1 win.

The other crucial game of the afternoon will be that between Craigengower Cricket Club and Kowloon Bowling Green Club at the Valley.

Both teams have shown fairly consistent form in the last two weeks, and with the exception of one change in the Craigengower side where P. K. Lau replaces Joe Leonard as No. 2 in George Souza's rink, are fielding exactly the same victorious team of last week.

Bardbury's four are playing good bowls at the moment and may expect to claim one point in this game, but their other two rinks, skippered by George Souza and Alfred Coates, particularly the front men, will have to show much better form if they are to save off a 4-1 defeat this afternoon.

In the two remaining First Division games, both Kowloon "Blues" and Indian Recreation Club will face the "Blues" with IRC "Gold" and "Blue" Club respectively as their opponents. Should have little difficulty in gaining the decision, and for them it will only be the problem of whether or not they could extract the maximum points out of these games.

Kowloon "Blues" should be able to do so, but I am not sure whether the Indians will not drop a point to the Filipinos.

With League-leading Kowloon Dock enjoying a bye, interest in the Second Division games will be focused on two matches that have a bearing on the Championship featuring Tai Kok, Kowloon Cricket Club, Craigengower and Hongkong Football Club.

Both Tai Kok and Hongkong Football Club seem to have got well into their stride during their last few games and it is difficult to see how they can go down this afternoon.

In the Third Division games, Kowloon Dock Club look well set to increase their lead at the top of the League table with a likely 5-0 win over Hongkong Football Club.

The best match in this division will undoubtedly be the one between Kowloon Bowling Green Club and Prison Officers at Austin Road.

The Bowling Club bowlers will do well to watch out for L. J. McTavish and his men. In their first match of the season, this rink set the record pink score of 46 shots. They followed this up with 31 last week. On all rounds, the Kowloon bowlers seem to have a slight edge over their opponents.

## SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



# The More Tense The Situation, The Better Wardle Seems To Be

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

This is the coldest opening to any cricket season I remember. Maybe I haven't been here long enough for that to mean much, but when umpire Frank Chester tells me that he too cannot remember such a sustained opening spell of sheer biting weather I begin to feel that the cricketer's problem out there in the middle is something almost unique. Frank has been playing and umpiring in first class cricket for over thirty years — and he must have seen some pretty tough openings to seasons before now.

After the Tourists — who came straight here following one of the hottest summers South Africa has ever had — my sympathies right now go to the England Selectors. It is their job to find England's team next week-end, and what sort of form in these poor conditions have they got to go on? Precious little, I would say. My bet is they will be judging as much by past reputation as actual current form.

The burning problem, of course, will be whether to choose Johnny Wardle or Tony Lock for the left arm slow bowler position. I think they will go for the man in possession — Wardle. But I would pick Lock.

Of course, selection difficulties in this instance are a healthy sign. England is very lucky to have two such fine bowlers to cause these headaches. I would be well content with either in MY side, for they are both of great talent and superb temperament. But the reason I would give Lock the edge of my preference for the first Test is that I think he might be able to get greater "life" from the slow, and maybe still soft, Nottingham pitch. For Tony pushes the ball through a great deal faster than Johnny; he spins it so hard these days that I think he might be able to make it dig in enough to bite and turn.

Another advantage in Lock is this. England badly needs that improvement in fielding which the Selectors have already been talking about. As Lock is probably as good a catcher as any in the world, near the wicket, I would have him in the team to take those half chances which can count for so much.

On the other hand, the England Selectors may well feel — as Hutton did in Australia — that Wardle's run-making ability is still indispensable. Lock carefully into the figures of those Tests in Australia — and even more closely into the inside stories of those battles — and you will find that Wardle's runs, and the timeliness of them, had match-winning significance.

In fact, one of Wardle's great qualities is that the more tense the situation the better he seems to be; in Australia the more England needed runs the more Wardle seemed to produce them. Moreover, if we have to think in terms of typically sound, lifeless test wickets, I am not at all certain that I wouldn't prefer Wardle's bowling to Lock's. He is now doing more and more with his wrist-spin Chinaman — he can make it turn a foot into a right hand batsman — and he has cultivated a googly which is "getting him a lot of good wickets. Certainly the cheerful Clown-Prince as he is so often called, has strong claims.

But for this first Test, anyway, my pick would still be Lock. For surely England should not be struggling for runs against the apparently limited South African attack? Or should they?

The next point on the Selectors' agenda is bound to be the fast bowler position. They will call on two of the great three — Tyson, Statham or Trueman. And, very properly, it is all Headingley to China orange that it will be Tyson and Statham who wrought such havoc throughout Australia.

I think it was one of the best things of the first few matches this season that both Tyson and Statham should get away to good starts despite the damp cold pitches they had to bowl on. They earned that by their wonderful efforts in Australia. With Brian Statham probably still technically the better of the two, they are a great pair of bowlers.

But do not discount from your calculations for this season that remarkable young man Freddie Trueman. He, too is a great fast bowler — greater and stronger this season than ever before. He hasn't quite got Tyson's pace and he cannot match the deadliness of Tyson's Yorker. But on English wickets and in the English atmosphere he moves the ball a great deal more and I can only tell you that many good batsmen I know would rather face Tyson than Trueman. Of course some of these haven't faced Tyson this season; they have got to find out how much he has improved during his triumphant Australian tour.

Just the same, if I were a betting man I would wager a good sum that Freddie Trueman will force himself into one or two of the five Tests this summer. It would be easy for the Selectors to decide very often, but as with Wardle and Lock they are lucky to have such quality to choose from? Moreover, there's nothing like a bit of red-hot competition to keep up the quality of the market.

WHAT ABOUT BATTING? What about batting? I can't see Colin Cowdrey making the first Test anyway. He's not had the chance to play enough cricket to get up to Test tuning. And this likely young man needs hard good-quality practice to reach his best. This season, so far, he just hasn't had it. In fairness to him it might be better to leave him out for the first game.

The news this week that Colin may have a recurrence of the toe-joint suffering which necessitated an operation during his last year's Tonbridge School has depressed many — particularly those who have seen in young Cowdrey the ready-made England captain to succeed Hutton when the time comes. The danger is that such a recurrence could cut down his top-class cricketing career.

I sincerely hope it won't, for great youngsters like Cowdrey come all too rarely; and when they happen to be as nice as they are great, it makes the thought doubly hard to harbour. Colin I know, has always had to take the best care of his feet and in Australia he had regular treatment to keep them in condition.

It helped a lot and I understand he will be fit for plenty more cricket if his treatment can keep up with the bone problem there. Colin himself treats this worrying problem with magnificent cheerfulness. In talent and character he has certainly got what it takes to be big. So here's wishing him all the luck in the world.

Congratulations, too, to Len Hutton on being appointed skipper for the full season instead of match to match. It is a compliment from the Selectors which is fully deserved. Will Len bat at number one or number five this season? I think it will depend on the sheer pace of South Africa's Mr. Adcock. It would not surprise me to see Len at number five with Peter Richardson going in first with Tom Graveney.

COACHING HINT With wickets varying so much batsmen should try to assess them BEFORE they go in by watching their tricks with other players. It pays dividends to "read" the pitch as well as the bowler.

watching their tricks with other players. It pays dividends to "read" the pitch as well as the bowler.



# Excuse Me While I Collect My Spear, Shield And Bludgeon

Says ERIC NICHOLLS

Excuse me while I collect my spear, shield and bludgeon. I'm taking up professional sport. Which one doesn't matter. The necessary implements remain the same.

In the past week we have seen enough of it to make us wish we had stuck to such tender pastimes as jousting, severing each other's throats with swords, and the old one-two-three-bang of the duel. At least we knew where we stood in the old days.

Nowadays, professional sport — internationally speaking — has become open warfare in which the rules are there to be broken, competitors ignore the code of sportsmanship and too many officials, who appear to know about as much about their particular game as my dear departed Aunt Florence, condone all punish nothing.

There was a time when boxing was known as the "noble art of self-defence". In what was billed as a fight for the Heavyweight Championship of the World, Britain's Don Cockell was subjected to the sort of punishment that one expects only in all-in wrestling, or back alley brawling.

Oh yes, this Mariano "can punch. He does quite often. But when that attack is supplemented by the not infrequent use of head, knees, wrists, elbows, one could reasonably suggest he is on a good thing.

It is not the fault of Mariano. A more kindly person you could not find outside the canvas square. The blame does lie with the American fight bosses who dragged the sport down to the gutter and made a mockery out of small matters like sportsmanship, when they instituted the "No Foul" rule.

They are to blame for creating a situation in which when even American fight reporters were crying stinking fish, the referee

could tell journalists "I thought it was a very clean fight, I saw no intentional foul."

Footballers no litewhite angels either. When the English soccer tourists played in Madrid, they suffered such indignities as shirt-ripping, man-handling, and boot-swinging when the ball was elsewhere.

The Scots soccer tourists beat Austria 4-1. But, before they had been involved in one glorious punch-up, which culminated in the arrest of an unconscious spectator, who, on invading the pitch with a hundred others, was greeted by the untutored but enthusiastic left hook of Scottish centre-forward Laurie Ralby.

Ruffed by this setback, the Austrians sought blood. Only a police escort for the Scottish party, through the back streets, prevented them from getting their wish.

We thought we had seen everything in the famous "Battle of Berne", when boots and fists were flung between Hungarians and Brazilians. We were wrong.

Unless swift action is taken international sport is likely to degenerate into a free-for-all with no holds barred.

I recommend the international boxing authorities and the Federation of International Football Associations should begin cleaning up their houses.

PROBLEMS ENOUGH Captained by Jean Richardson daughter of the old West Bromwich Albion player, England women's soccer team is to play a series of matches in Portugal this summer.

I do not doubt the sincerity of these young ladies. Indeed some of the world's greatest sporting triumphs have been achieved by women.

But football is a man's game. It should remain so. Apart from obvious physical disadvantages and the danger of serious injury, they must be told firmly that such a tour can only bring ridicule upon British football. We have enough problems at the moment. (London Express Service.)

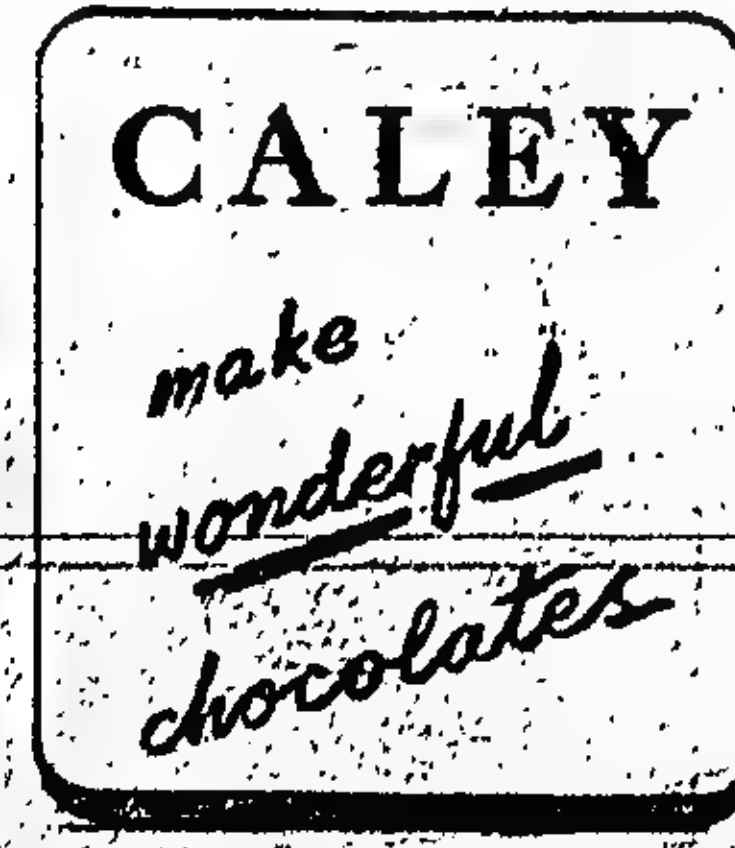
## SPORTS QUIZ

1. A South African called "Toey" is currently worrying many English sportsmen. Which ones?
2. Bobby Riggs, Wimbledon Men's Singles Champion in 1953, and Maureen Connolly, Women's titleholder for the past three years, were taught by the same coach. Who?
3. Who won the 1,500 metres at the Helsinki Olympic Games?
4. Who was the only British athlete to win a gold medal in the 1952 Olympics — horse riders excepted?
5. The Mariano-Cockell fight was the second all-white world Heavyweight title since 1935. Which was the other one?
6. Sporting anagrams. Who are these "mixed up" personalities? KMBI WTRH, NOAH, SCIRH AATHY, WAC, ASYDN DLEARDS, MSA DSANR.
7. When Len Hutton leads England in the second Test against South Africa, he will equal the record for international cricket captaincy. What is it and who holds it?
8. Gold golfer out please among the following: Bobby Locke, Ben Hogan, Max Faulkner and Harry Weetman.
9. How many countries have won the Davis Cup since its inception in 1900?
10. Which athlete won four gold medals at the 1948 Olympics? (Answers on Page 17)



London Express Service.

## POP



Note the narrow, open stance with the ball opposite the left heel and open club face.



## SPORTS SURVEY

# Nothing Is Left To Chance In Running The Wembley Cup Final

Says ALL-ROUNDER

After all the hullabaloo, thrills and excitement of the Wembley Cup Final, let us for a moment consider something of the precision with which the proceedings, or of any other big event there, for that matter, are conducted, a precision that is met with nowhere else in the sporting world.

Distinguished guests and milling thousands in comfortable seats or on wind-swept terraces are regimented with orderly precision to a timetable which the FA issues in booklet form to clubs and officials and staffs under the name of Sir Stanley Rouse, the FA secretary.

It reads like a series of military orders and methodically organises just another Cup Final into a well-timed, fool-proof spectacle and glittering social festival which runs like clock-work and covers every aspect from competing teams and officials down to stewards and transport.

Section I indicates the respective dressing rooms the teams will occupy. It also instructs the referee not to start the match until Royalty are seated in the Royal Box. Section 2 informs referees and linesmen that they will be taken from FA Headquarters by car to Wembley at 11.15. There is also the precautionary special note: "If the match should be drawn after extra time, the players and match officials will file past Her Majesty as though they were to receive their medals."

Section VIII enjoins the massed bands to be ready to play the National Anthem at a nod or a raised finger from Sir Stanley Rouse in the Royal Box. As for the coveted trophy itself, it is placed in the Royal Box ante-room, well guarded. And no matter which team wins it, it is always correctly adorned with the club's coloured ribbons by Sir Stanley.

On a ledge in the Royal Box are two sets of favours on each side. At a suitable moment just before the final whistle, Sir Stanley ties on the appropriate colours. Eleven winners and eleven losers medals are issued. All are the same, except that one set is engraved "winners" and the other "runners-up." The Manchester City Club will give their injured pair, Hart and Clarke, a specially-struck medal at the club's own expense, subject to FA permission, which will insist that the medals must not resemble the FA souvenir.

## KNOW THE RULES

Many soccer clubs in Britain try to instruct their supporters on the finer points of the game through their weekly series of papers and answers printed in the programmes. It would seem, however, that something like this ought to be done for the players, many of whose knowledge of the laws of the game is distinctly poor, according to the latest edition of the Football Association bulletin.

It points out that examiners of players on coaching courses reveal that many footballers are unaware even of the existence of a booklet entitled "The Referee's Chart" and "Players' Guide to the Laws of the Game." Yet rule 30 of the FA states that a copy of this, which elaborates on the basic laws, must be kept by each club for the use of their players on application.

The bulletin goes on to pose a number of problems which appear to have troubled candidates on the course. For instance, what is the correct decision if a player taking a direct free kick from outside the penalty area punted the ball back as is in order, hard enough for it to go wide of his goalkeeper and into the net?

It would mean a corner kick, for Law 13 decrees that from a direct free kick a goal can be scored direct against the offending side. The last two words make all the difference. And what is wrong if, when a penalty kick has been ordered to be taken, both goalkeeper and the original kicker of the ball are changed? Nothing, provided the change of goalkeeper is notified to the referee. Few supporters are aware that when the referee drops the ball after a stoppage and it is handled on the way down, there is no offence.

The ball is actually not in play until it has touched the ground. The FA are also at pains to reiterate that if a goalkeeper is not actually in possession of the ball and if he is inside his own goal area, he cannot be charged, even fairly, unless intentionally obstructing an opponent. Once beyond the six yards area, he may be charged fairly if the ball is within his playing distance and his challenger is making an attempt to get it.

## THE "LITTLE WEMBLEY"

There were no bands, no civic reception or financial glory about Shipley's "Little Wembley" the other night.

Shipley is a Yorkshire urban area hinging on Bradford, and its local soccer team called "Salts" has most emphatically put itself on the West Riding map.

Salts beat Barnoldswick seven-one at Valley Parade, and became the Riding's top amateur football team of the season with their League's Championship trophy to go alongside the same League's County Cup and the West Riding FA's County Cup they also won this season.

They have only drawn four and lost two of their 41 games. There were no riches about this "Little Wembley."

Salts players were allowed five pence each for expenses to go on the bus to Bradford to play in the match. The rate was said to be a very fine one at 2.873 and the takings at £158. Each club received £32 10s. out of the net proceeds, but for Salts it was a first-time honour and glory for them and Shipley in their "Little Wembley" but there was no civic reception.

A former successful racehorse once most popular with racegoers because of his consistent running and the time he was once awarded a race he didn't win, is now happily employed at the age of 15 as a hack at Newmarket by Mr. Adrian Sorrell, Lord Derby's racing stud manager.

He is High Stakes. Being a gelding, he was kept in training until his ninth year, and a saying racing proposition he was, too. He had the remarkable record of 34 successes in 55 outings, three of which were walk-overs.

This Lord Astor horse was also placed in no fewer than 16 of the races he did not win. High Stakes will be remembered for his contesting the Bentinck Stakes at Goodwood in 1949 when the first of a number of heated arguments over the place of the race, a casual glance at the photograph indicated High Stakes as the winner, and so he was declared. A later more careful and protracted scrutiny with magnifying glasses and all revealed without any doubt that the French horse Hornet III had in fact won by inches.

## FIRST CRICKET MATCH

This season's first cricket match of the British Railways Shildon Staff Association sports club in the North-East Region was a most momentous affair, for it was on their new £13,000 sports field made possible by the weekly fourpenny donations of its loyal members and supporters over the last five years.

The ground has two unique pavilions, each comprising railway coaches laid on the top of

brick pillars. Two railway coaches were cut down the centre at the rail wagon works, taken to the site on lorries and laid end to end on their respective foundations by giant cranes.

The field covers nine acres, with provision for several kinds of sports, ample room for athletics and commodious shower and changing accommodation. It is hoped that when funds permit they will build a hall for dances and other events alongside more permanent pavilions.

## Goodbye To The Speed King In The Blue Helmet— Ascari Never Knew Fear

By COURTENAY EDWARDS

The world's motor-racing circuits and particularly those in Europe will be less colourful and certainly not so exciting now that Alberto Ascari is gone. For with his death while practising at Monza—scene of some of his most spectacular triumphs—Grand Prix racing lost one of its most popular and dashing exponents.

He was still, at 38, one of the best six drivers in the world, with every prospect of gaining the World Championship for a third time, though not perhaps this year.

## THE ESCAPE

Indeed, this big, burly, broad-shouldered Italian speed king was at the zenith of his career as anyone would confirm who saw him win the Naples Grand Prix at 68.9 m.p.h. on May 7 this year and the Valentino Grand Prix last March. In both these races he was driving one of the new 2½ litre Lancias for he was No. 1 pilot for this Italian marque. It was in one of these fast-lightweight cars that Ascari had a miraculous escape at Monza.

What a dramatic moment that was, Britain's Stirling Moss was leading in the European Grand Prix in a Mercedes and looked a certain winner.

Suddenly Moss retired with engine trouble, and we looked round across the harbour for Ascari, who had only to roar past Moss's stricken Mercedes to take the lead. But as he came out of the tunnel near the Casino we saw him swerve through the wooden fence and straw bales at the harbour edge and plunged into the water.

Ascari was thrown clear. He swam to a rescue boat and when taken to hospital was found to be suffering from only slight head and nose injuries.



H.M. The Queen walking on the course with Lord Rosebery, when Her Majesty and other members of the Royal Family were present to watch the Oaks—Central Press Photo.

## OAKS DAY AT EPSOM

## PHIL DRAKE'S JOCKEY WAS CERTAIN

## IF HIS MOUNT WAS NO. 12 ON THE RACE CARD, IT WAS BOUND TO WIN

By ROBIN GOODFELLOW

As soon as 32-year-old Fred Palmer saw a race card at Epsom on Derby day, he knew he would win the Derby on Madame Volterra's Phil Drake. "What's my horse's number?" he inquired, turning over the pages. "No. 12—bon! I shall win." Just like that.

Fred, who was born in France but whose father was born near Canterbury—grinned and told me: "I have won three Grand Prix de Paris in the last six years—Vieux Manoir, Orfeo, and Popoff. They were all No. 12 on the card."

I could sense the confidence which this number promoted in lean Fred, a jockey who uses his brains—and is never rattled. He had need not to be, for Phil Drake in the early stages ran so green he scarcely seemed to know how to gallop.

"That was why I was so far behind," Fred said. It was only the third race for Phil Drake's career.

Every Derby has its drama, and this one will rank high. Seven weeks ago it was touch and go whether Phil Drake would be able to run.

But he made a good recovery, and when he won at Longchamp on May 12, it was evident, he had not only recovered but improved immensely.

On the gallop he was now a long way in front of his stable companion, Datur, who had beaten him at Longchamp a month earlier.

## DEVASTATING RUN

As for the race, the feature that gripped us was the devastating run that took Phil Drake past 20 rivals in three-quarters of a mile, and the final surge, like that of a Rugby centre three-quarter cutting through, between Panasslipper and the rails.

This change of direction in the last 100 yards took me back to that Derby of 1949 and the effort of another Volterra horse, Amour Drake, when he just failed to catch Nimbus.

The start was a "first-timer"—"The quietest I have ever heard," starter Alec Marsh said.

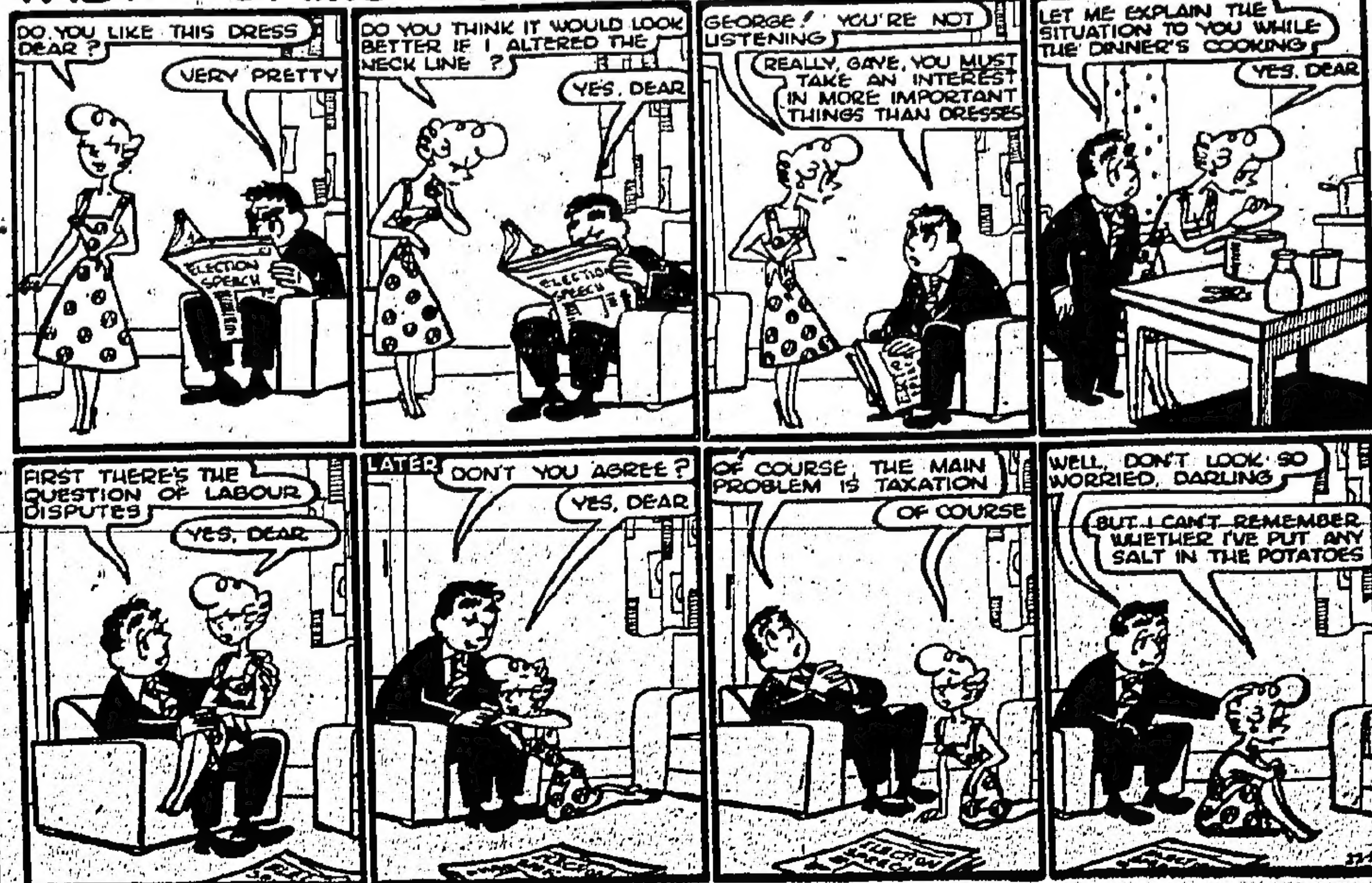
With three-quarters of a mile to go, Noble Chieftain led True Cavalier, Starlit II, and Daemon, with Acropolis about sixth and the winner last but three. Daemon soon started to go "backwards" and I also noticed Lester Piggott and Windsor Sun rapidly losing ground.

### Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Cricketers. He is Hugh Tayfield, an off-spin bowler with the South African tourists.
2. Given "Teach" Tennant.
3. Josy Barthel of Luxembourg.
4. Jeannette Altwegg, at the Winter Olympics.
5. Marcelino against Roland LaStarra in 1953.
6. Mike Hawthorn. Chris Chataway, Sandy Saddler, Sam Snead.
7. 25, by Australia's Bill Woodfull.
8. Harry Weetman. All the others have won the British Open title.
9. Four—America, Australia, Britain and France. Before 1919, however, Australia played as Australasia and Britain as the British Isles.
10. Mrs Fanny Blankers-Koen of Holland.

## THE GAMBOLS

by Barry Appleby



So Tender and Tasty

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FANCY RED SOCKEYE  
SALMON STEAK

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QUENCHER

Try  
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SERVED ICY COLD.

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AND TRADE MARK (S) & R

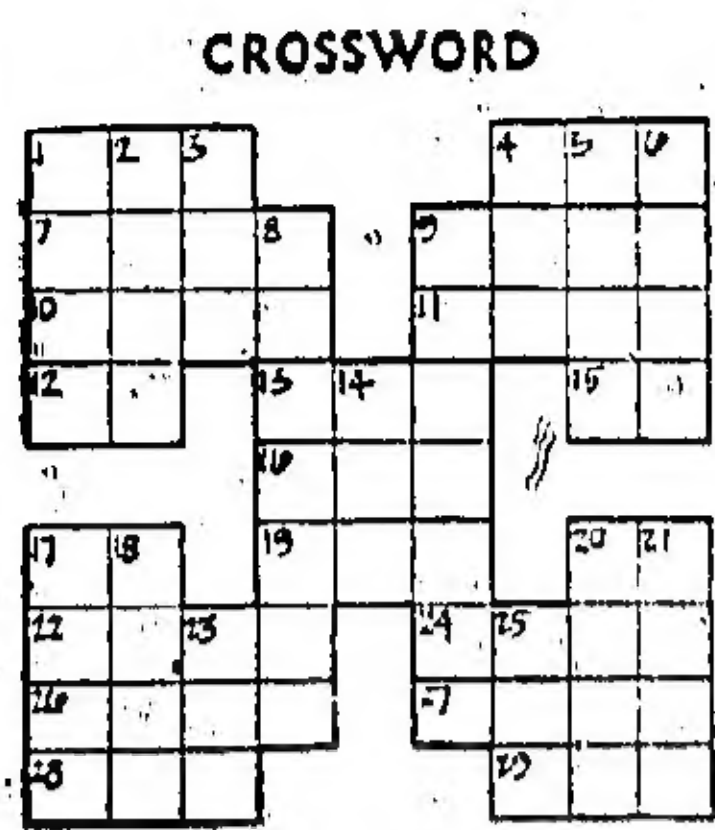
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# FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

## YOUR PUZZLE CORNER



CROSSWORD

1 Varnish ingredient  
2 Youth  
3 God of love  
4 Peel  
5 Headsstrong  
6 Check  
7 Postscript (ab.)  
8 Individual  
9 Near  
10 Damp  
11 Exist  
12 Female sheep  
13 White  
14 At all times  
15 Fastidious  
16 Food containers  
17 Mend, as sock  
18 Malt drink  
19 Seine

ACROSS

1 Sweet secretion  
2 Brazilian macaws  
3 Lettuce  
4 New Guinea port  
5 Operatic solo  
6 Depression  
7 Rains  
8 Feign  
9 Novel  
10 Greek letter  
11 Wicked  
12 Measure of land  
13 Dispatched  
14 Compass point  
15 John (Gaelic)

DOWN

Missing words in the following sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you complete the sentence correctly? When they reached — destination, they found another group of hikers already —

## CHUCKLE BAG

Mamma: Eat your spinach, dear. It makes strong teeth.  
Johnny: Then why don't you feed it to grandpa?

Teacher: What is a volcano, Martha?  
Martha: A mountain with the hicups.

Teacher: Please define the word spine.  
Boy: The spine is a long limber bone. Your head sits on one end, and you sit on the other end.

A woman went to buy a drinking bowl for her dog and the shopkeeper asked, "If she would like one with the inscription, 'For the dog,' she replied, 'My husband never drinks water, and the dog can't read.'"

Doctor: Well, young man, your cough is a little better this morning.  
Patient: It ought to be. I've been practising all night.

Willie: What gets wetter while it dries?  
Billie: Being me. What?  
Willie: A towel.

Waitress: We have almost everything on the menu today.  
Diner: So I see. Bring me a clean one so I can read it.



WORD CHAIN

Change GILL to PINT in four moves. Change only one letter at a time and be sure you have a good word on each change.

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows correctly; you will find your answer reads the same down as across.

E	E	N	R	T
A	O	C	L	R
E	E	L	R	S
A	E	E	R	T
E	O	R	T	T

TRIANGLE

An ADDRESS serves as a base for this triangle. The second word is "a paid newspaper notice"; third "conclusion"; fourth "a German river"; fifth "a Roman magistrate"; and sixth "unoints". Complete the triangle:

ADDRESS

(Solutions on Page 20)

## HOW MAKE A COIN TO DISAPPEAR

1. Borrow a COIN... put it in a hat and let each one feel it to be sure it is in the hat.

2. NOW... DO A LITTLE HOCUS POCUS AND SAY THE COIN IS GONE!

3. ASK THEM TO LOOK FOR THEMSELVES!

THEN... SAY YOU'VE MADE THE COIN GO INTO SOMEONE'S POCKET!

4. ASK EACH IF HE HAS THE COIN... AND SAY "KNOW IF YOU ARE TELLING THE TRUTH, WHEN YOU COME TO YOUR PAL YOU SAY..."

YOU'LL FIND IT IN JACK'S POCKET!

IT WILL BE THERE! A 100 IF JACK HAS YOUR PARTNER IN THE TRICK! AND TOOK IT FROM THE HAT!

By IDA SMITH

ONE of the most gentle creatures of the southwestern desert in the United States is the chuckawalla lizard. It is the largest of the harmless American lizards. Only one other is as large—the Gila monster—but it is poisonous. It is the only known poisonous lizard in the world, and looks very different from the chuckawalla.

Little is known about chuckawallas except that they are vegetarians, can blow themselves up like balloons when frightened, and can dart into rock crevices and hide so quickly that their presence is unsuspected.

Johnny Rengo is a civilised chuckawalla. He has lived with Mr and Mrs Oscar Rengo of Phoenix, Ariz., for 15 years. Mrs Rengo raises a variety of flowers for him to eat. His favourites are dandelions and



Although Johnny's making like Ferdinand in a bull-ring, he's about to gulp down that rose.

roses. He also likes cooked carrots—if they are pressure cooked.

Johnny sleeps in a cardboard box. In the winter he has a little blanket. In the summer he kicks the blanket out. He loves to ride in the back window of their car and watch the traffic, but if he sees an aeroplane or a big bird he will dart quickly down and hide. He thinks they are hawks that might eat him.

Johnny knows his name too. Mr Rengo says, "Come on, Johnny, let's go for a ride," he will run and climb into Mr Rengo's hand. If he is asleep under a cushion or magazine and Mrs Rengo calls, "Johnny, where are you?" he always peeks out or jiggles the cushion to let her know where he is.

He loves to sleep on Mrs Rengo's shoulder in the evening while she reads. He also loves company and gets all excited when he hears children playing. Sometimes Mrs Rengo takes him to school. The children are as fascinated with him as

he is with them. They learn to handle him gently. Some women scream and are terribly frightened when they see Johnny. These, he eyes with wonder. Perhaps he knows that a wild chuckawalla would be just as afraid of them.

Insect-eating lizards are difficult to keep as pets, but are valuable in the wild state because they help to control the fly and ant population.

## NEEDS ATTENTION

Chuckawallas are hard to keep alive in captivity too. They need a variety of plants to eat and also friendly attention. Many have died because they were put in a cage and "felt alone," and with an unattractive diet.

The Rengos never forget or neglect Johnny. While most lizards would welcome a chance to escape from captivity, it is doubtful that he would want to exchange his good home and care for his freedom. Excuses would soon destroy him in the wild now. He would not know how to protect himself because of his trustfulness born of long captivity.

## CALCULATE YOUR FAME WITH TRICKS

By FRANCIS HOWARD

ARE you out for fame as a "lighting calculator"?

If you want to make your friends sit up and take notice, try one of these numerical stunts on them. Have them write down in a row all the figures except the number 8—like this:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 9

Now have them choose any one of these figures and multiply it by 9. Suppose they choose 3. When multiplied by 9, the result is 27. Then, have them multiply the row of figures by this number.

Before they have found their answer, you will be able to tell them what it is—333,333,333. If they had chosen 2 in the first place, the answer would have been all 2's, or if 5, all 5's, and so on.

Here is another stunt. Suppose you have your friends write down any sum of three figures. Then have them reverse the figures and subtract the lesser amount from the greater. When they have found the answer (the middle figure will always be 9), have them reverse again and add these last two figures. Again you will be able to give the answer in advance—1089.

There is only one rare instance when the answer would be different, and that is when the first two figures of the original sum are alike, and the last figure is next in regular order, like 885,443, and 995. In that case the answer will be 98.

The third stunt is the trickiest. Ask someone to write down a number without telling



you the figures. It can be in hundreds, thousands, or tens of thousands.

Then have him add the figures composing this number, and subtract what he gets from the original number.

Next ask him to strike out one figure (but never a cipher), and add the remaining figures for his answer.

When he gives you the result, you can tell him the figure he struck out.

The reason you can do this is because, when your friend makes the subtraction in the first place, the figures in the remainder always add up to 9 or a multiple of 9.

For illustration, suppose your friend picks the number 7889. Added together, these figures total 30.

When subtracted from the original number, the remainder is 7899.

If your friend strikes out the 8, the sum of the three remaining figures is 19.

When he tells you this number, you immediately reckon

## A Busy Waterway

—A Tiny River Ran Along the Curb—

By MAX TRELL

IT had been raining all night but now with the morning came the bright sun, glistening in a million points of light where the raindrops still clung to the ends of leaves and along the edges of roofs and window sills.

## A Rushing River

Knaft and Hanid, the shadow-children with the turned-out names, went outside to look at the rushing river that ran along the curb at the edge of the road.

They sat down on the curbstone. "It's the Mississippi!" said Hanid.

"No, it's the Amazon!" said Knaft.

Neither Knaft nor Hanid had ever seen either the Mississippi or the Amazon! However, they sounded like very important names, just right for a rushing raindrop-river that ran along the curbstone down to the end of the street.

As they watched, Knaft and Hanid were surprised to see how many other neighbourhood folk had discovered the Mississippi—Amazon—raindrop-river as well.

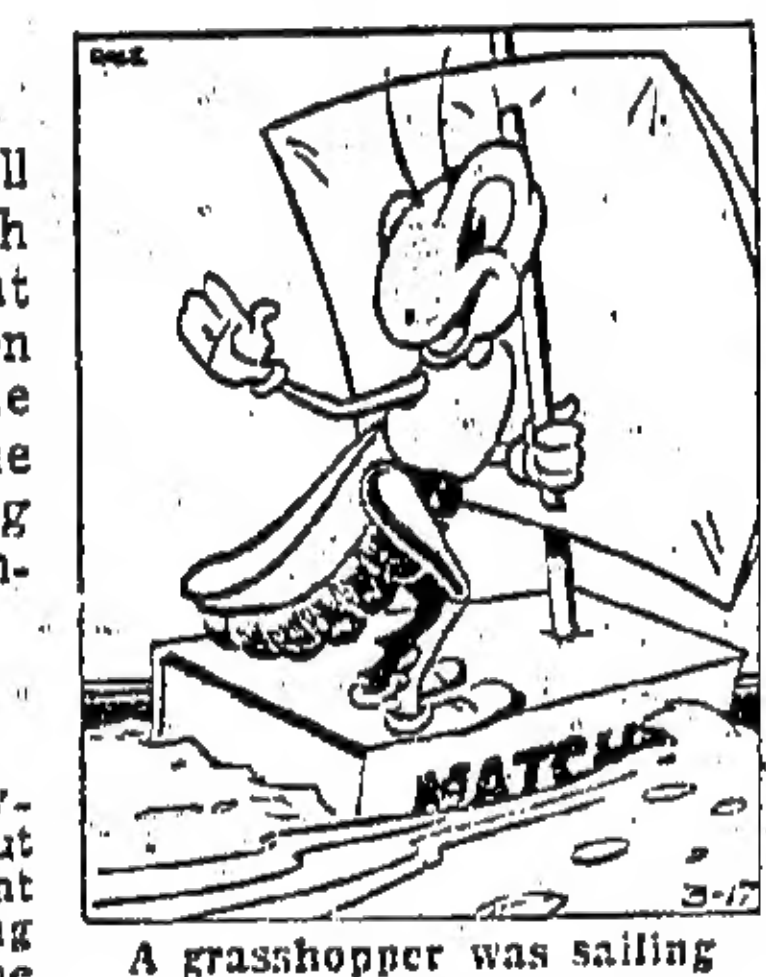
"Aby there! Make way!" cried a voice.

## Nautical Grasshopper

Knaft and Hanid looked down and saw a grasshopper sailing on a matchbox-schooner. It shot down the river in a flash and disappeared around the corner at the bottom of the street.

"I wish I were on that schooner," said Knaft to Hanid. "You have to be as small as a grasshopper," said Hanid.

The next minute, they heard a chorus of voices: "Sailing,



A grasshopper was sailing on a matchbox schooner

sailing, over the bounding main!"

This time it was three ants riding on a raft made of two twigs. The raft turned slowly as it floated down the river until it, too, disappeared around the corner.

"The little things have all the fun," said Knaft in an envious voice. "They can go sailing on a raindrop-river while we can only sit and watch."

"I've never seen a small move that fast," said Hanid to Knaft. During the next hour, they saw lots of their friends go sailing down the river. They saw Blackie Beetle sitting on top of an empty bottle as it floated past. They saw a spider sailing down on a postage stamp. They saw a moth floating down, with her wings spread out.

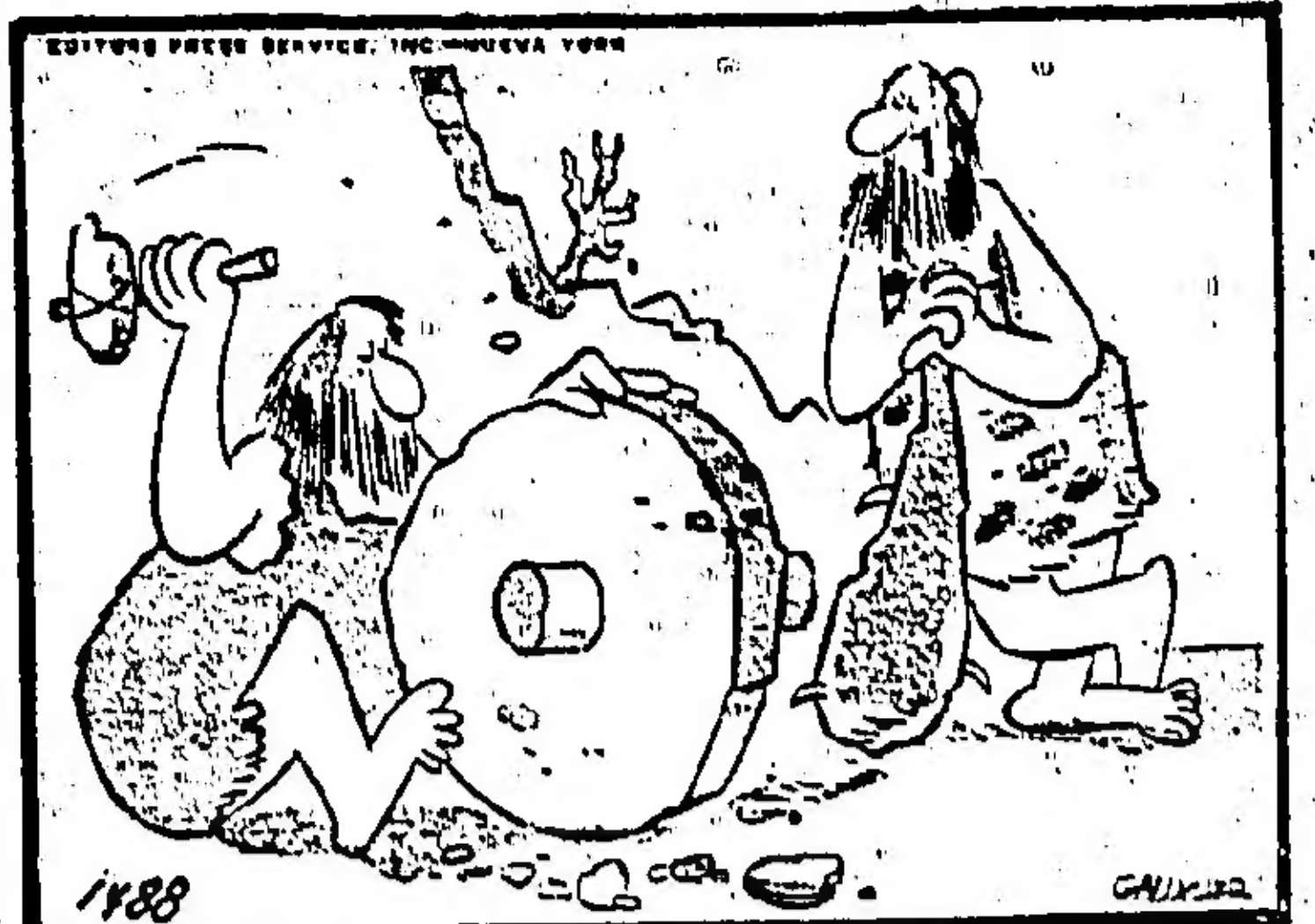
"She's shouting for help!" said Hanid.

So Knaft fished her out. The moth shook the water off her wings. "I fell in. I almost drowned," she said. "Thank you for saving my life." Then she fluttered off to find a dark place to sleep until the moon came out.

## The Snail Was Last

A daddy-long-legs came sailing down last of all, standing on a bit of bark. "Last trip!" he was shouting. The river's drying up!

And sure enough, he was right. Even as Knaft and Hanid sat on the curbstone, they saw the Mississippi-Amazon-raindrop-river dwindle in size, growing narrower and narrower, until finally it was just a tiny trickle. Then, when it had stopped altogether, they saw all the sailors come striding back from around the corner, the grasshopper, the ants, the beetle, the spider, the daddy-long-legs and, last of all, the very last of all—the snail.



"What good is that thing? You can't hit girls with it."

## YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, JUNE 4

BORN today, you have a happy kindly nature yet one which tends to drift along with the tide rather than strike out against it. You may do a lot of daydreaming and build castles in the air. But when it comes to instrumenting those dreams, you are slow to get moving! Learn to be a little more decisive and then, once you have made up your mind, stick to your guns until you have reached your objective. Only in this fashion will you achieve the heights to which your talents should entitle you.

You have real artistic and dramatic ability and probably would be happiest in the arts or the professions where you could express your individuality freely. The one lesson you will need to learn is that success is apt to be nine parts perspiration—and one part inspiration! Although you have a magnetic personality and attract many friends who may be able and willing to give you excellent advice you are disinclined to listen to them. Be a little more open-minded in this regard and you will get along faster.

Among those born on this date are: King George III of England; Walter L. Dorne, painter; Fontaine Fox, cartoonist; Frances Starr and Rosalind Russell, actresses; Harry Greb, pugilist; Wendell P. Garrison, editor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, JUNE 5

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You can become the peacemaker for everyone if you will only exert yourself.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Even if exterior matters prove to be depressing, you can conquer problems with tenacity and optimism.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Plan to do something that you have been postponing for a long time.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Make calls or invite close friends to pay you a visit. You will find pleasure and enjoyment.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—This is a second day for well-favoured activities. Make plans for a happy, pleasant time.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—You have an inspirational day. Your spiritual life could be enhanced by church attendance.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—Even if skies in your part of the country are not as fair as you had wished, follow through with your plans.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Family from near and far may be gathering for a gala occasion. Enjoy yourself thoroughly.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—If you have been able to enjoy a week-end out of town, get an early start home to avoid the rush.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Enjoy this late spring day to its fullest. Plan an all-day affair with your family outdoors.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Church attendance today might bring you the faith, hope and consolation that you need now.

BORN today, you have a life that is more exciting than many others' and it can never be said that you have a dull moment at any time. You are happiest when in the midst of great activity. It is likely that your cycles of success and decline will alternate with mystifying rapidity and it is good that you have a high degree of adaptability in your nature. You can switch from one thing to another with such great speed that often your closest friends may not fully understand your change in mood or tempo.

The stars have given you special talent in music and the arts, which should be developed from earliest childhood. You probably will have the artistic temperament that goes with a touch of genius. How far you carry your native talent toward material success will depend in large degree upon how careful you are to take instant advantage of opportunities offered you.

In addition to your sense for the dramatic in the arts, you also have a gift for getting at the basic facts of a problem with great speed. You would make a good investigator, attorney for the defence, or promoter for some worthy cause.

Emotional and affectionate, you are happiest when surrounded by members of your own family who give you their unstinted love and devotion.

Among those born on this date are: George T. Angell, reformer; Stravinsky, composer; Roger Batchelor, author; Velasquez, painter; William Tyler, noted churchman; Columbus Delano, statesman.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, JUNE 6

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—You may have to suffer a disappointment today, but don't be discouraged.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—This is not the day to be too adventuresome, especially when it comes to business or finance.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—If you have been too extravagant lately, now is the time to make a sensible budget and follow it.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—It may be a temptation to spend more than you should. Save for your vacation later on.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Someone may be on the point of offering some excellent advice. You might do well to listen.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 23)—Get an early and energetic start this morning, for there is a lot to be done this day!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 23)—Schedule your work carefully and distribute your energies evenly and you will succeed.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Don't permit yourself to be imposed upon by someone retelling a hard-luck story! Investigate, first.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—The sun is shining on your affairs at the office. Take advantage of an offered opportunity.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—Be content with what you have, for even a little envy can destroy your happiness just now.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—All that glitters may not be pure gold, so carefully investigate everything.

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—You may be able to avail yourself of an unexpected good opportunity for advancement. Be alert!

## Famous Festival Honoured

IT happens three or four times in every hundred years and this summer is one of these occasions. It is the famous Wine-growers Festival at Vevey, on the azure-blue Lake of Geneva in Switzerland.

This special stamp which the Swiss have issued for the occasion catches the spirit of it all—a bunch of grapes pinned to a girl's straw summer hat.

Wine-growing is one of the oldest and most traditional in this part of Western Switzerland. And those who have wandered the picturesque streets of Vevey and looked across the lake to the snow-capped mountains opposite will appreciate what a beautiful setting nature has designed for the Festival.

It is going to cost over 3,500,000 Swiss francs (about 2,300,000). Taking part will be 120 musicians, 450 singers, 950 children and 3,500 men and women in national costume and 300 horses, cows and sheep.

It is indeed a proud Festival that the new stamp honours. It is printed gaily in red, yellow, white and green in the photo-



grave process. Perforation is 11½ and the stamp costs 1/6d. in London.—J. A. A.

## Rupert and the Cold-cure—10



The old Professor agreed to Rupert's request and gave him an extra tablet for Bill. Thinking him again the little bear takes his leave and the small servant accompanies him part of the way. "My master is very worried about his wonderful



invention and the missing paper that would complete it," says the dwarf. "So if you and your friend take those tablets I wish you'd come back some time and tell him if they work well." "Of course I will!" Rupert agreed cheerfully as he waved another

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